

A BLAIR FRASER REPORT:

**Are the
Republicans
stuck
with Nixon?**

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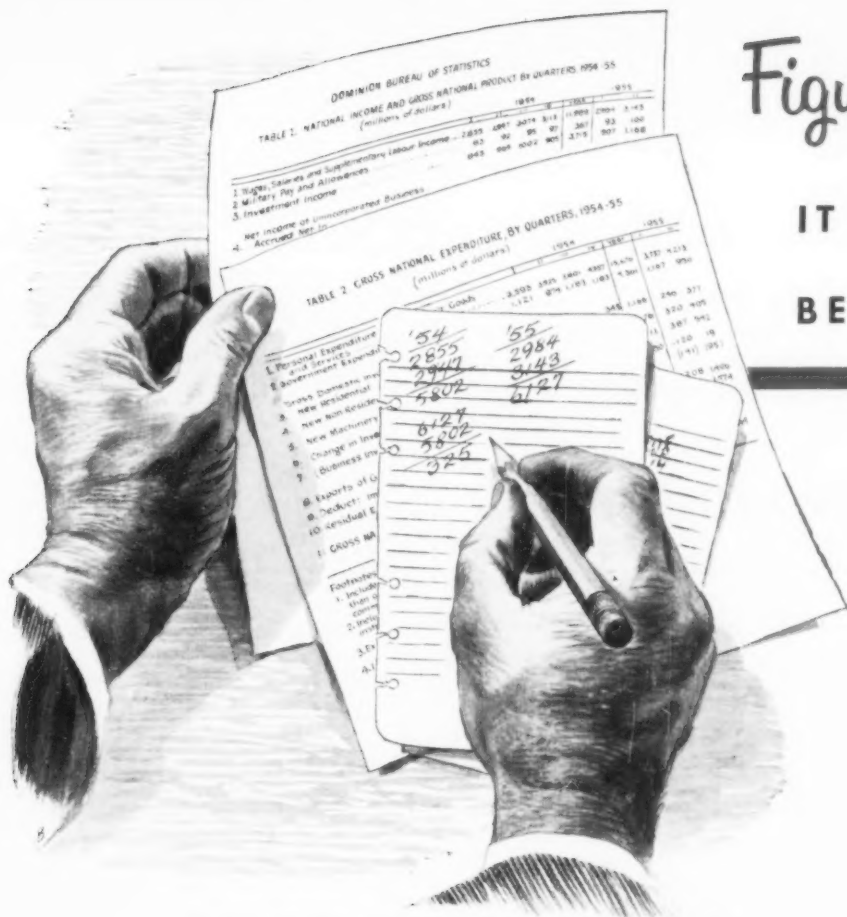


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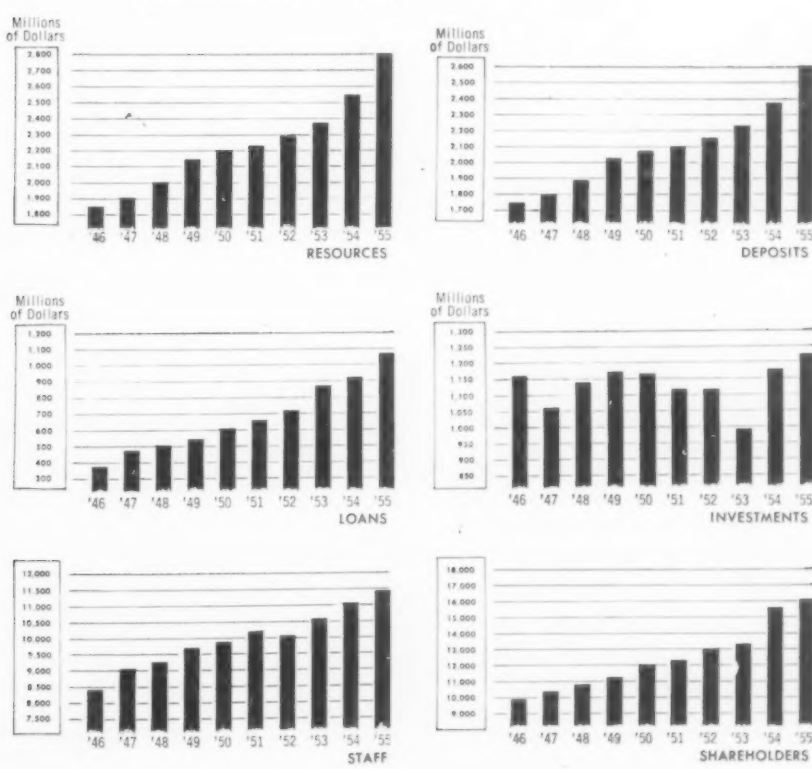
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EDITORIAL

Why can't we get our money's worth from CBC television?

FEW PEOPLE who have been watching Canadian television will dispute the timeliness of the new royal commission on broadcasting. Few will deny that some long second looks at the whole question of public and private radio and television are long overdue.

For almost twenty-five years Canada's approach to broadcasting has been considered in many parts of the world to be as close to a model of general policy as anyone has yet put into force. The philosophy behind that policy and the ends it sought to achieve are familiar: public interest was to be placed ahead of private interest; an effort was to be made to offer a reasonable selection of programs for the minority tastes; our own history, attainments, talents and hopes were to receive their fair share of attention; the Canadian influence was to be deliberately strengthened and emphasized lest it be entirely submerged by outside influences.

Canadian radio, left unchecked to make its natural economic alliance with American radio, might have gone far in the last quarter century toward smothering our sense of identity. Instead, it helped to reinforce our sense of identity.

The CBC seems to have been confident from the start that what it had done in radio it could do again in television. But the cost of TV bears absolutely no relation to the cost of radio and in planning its programs for TV the CBC set itself an infinitely more difficult job. It sought to give itself and the viewer the best of all possible worlds. It undertook to offer us and our innocent children an antidote for the influence of American TV while still devoting a heavy percentage of its air time to programs such as *I Love Lucy*, *Jimmy Durante*, *Wild Bill Hickok*, *Rin Tin Tin* and *Wrestling from Chicago*. It tried to protect us from the ravages of commercialism and still save us money by selling as much commercial time as possible. It attempted to give us the largest possible choice of programs and the smallest possible choice of stations. For all these massive compromises and contradictions, the CBC is costing us more and more. But this is not nearly

so distressing as the fact that it has strayed a long way from its original philosophy and reason for being.

It was never intended that the CBC should be all things to all people. Its purpose was mainly to fill vacuums. Radio and TV programs are available to most Canadians from three sources—from U. S. stations, from private Canadian stations and from CBC stations. If Canadian viewers want, say, *I Love Lucy*, and no private impresario is willing to bring it to them, then it can be argued that the CBC has an obligation to carry it. But this program and at least a score of others carried by the CBC are already, through American outlets, available to hundreds of thousands of Canadians. If granted the authority to operate in areas already served by CBC stations, private stations would gladly bring the same programs to hundreds of thousands more. The last thing in the world this country needs is an expensive government agency to supply the demand for *I Love Lucy*.

The CBC now argues, of course, that it needs the revenue from U. S. commercial programs to help finance its other programs. That is why it is loath to abandon its monopoly. Let private stations in and—unless they go broke—they'll take business away from the CBC and cause it to lose even more money. Besides, it is argued, without benefit of state subsidies and the CBC's high sense of public duty, the private stations would bring nothing but junk from Hollywood. If true, this strikes us as one of the strongest reasons for the end of the monopoly. For if private stations can be persuaded to satisfy our appetite for junk from Hollywood, the CBC should have more time and energy to satisfy our appetite for non-junk from Canada.

The strongest argument against such a course is that it would cost more money. But it is not a simple thing to prepare a proper profit-and-loss statement on the timbre of the human voice or the speech patterns of fifteen million people. Certainly CBC TV may cost us more—but at last we will be getting value for our money.

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Blair Fraser Ottawa Editor

Art Director: Gene Aliman. Assistant: Desmond English

Assistant Editors: N. O. Bonisteel, Robert Collins, John Gray, Eric Hutton, Ken Johnstone, Sidney Katz, Keith A. Knowlton, David MacDonald, Herbert Manning, Barbara Moon, McKenzie Porter, Janice Tyrwhitt.

Editorial Assistants: Barbara Dobbie, Joan Doty, Lois Harrison, Carol Lindsay, Anne McCordick, Joan Weatherseed.

Hall Linton Business Manager
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Maclean-Hunter Magazine Division

Editorial, Circulation & Advertising Offices:
481 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Canada

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Midwinter Savings

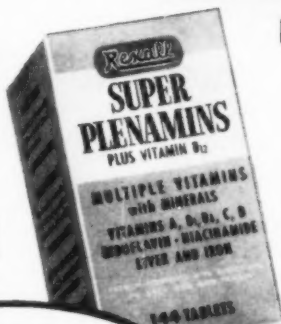
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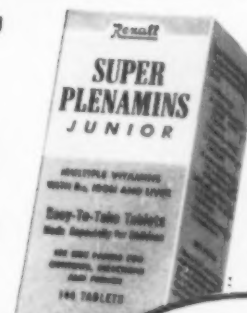


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Old-time reminder for today's winter health

'Way back in grandma's time... the first cold breath of winter was the signal for scenes like the one you see here.

Without modern heating systems, the change to long, fleecy underwear was a wise precaution against winter ills. If a cold did start coming on, grandma insisted on another ritual... a hot bath before the roaring fire in the kitchen stove, a dab of ointment rubbed on the chest and a quick retreat to a warm feather bed.

Today, as in grandma's time, it is not wise to make too light of a cold. What seems to be only a slight cold may actually be the beginning of pneumonia and other respiratory ailments. So, even if you don't feel "really sick" with a cold, authorities urge you to do these things:

1. Rest more than usual... eat lightly... drink plenty of water and fruit juices.
2. Be sure to check your temperature... and if you have even a degree or so of fever, go to bed. If fever persists, call your doctor.

Fever is important because it may indicate trouble of a more serious nature... sinusitis, ear infections, bronchitis and pneumonia... to mention a few. When these and other common winter ailments are promptly treated, the chances for rapid recovery are good—thanks largely to the antibiotic drugs.

Even though medical science can now bring about more and quicker recoveries from the major winter ailments, it is wise to take every precaution against catching a cold. Here are some measures which may help:

1. Guard against drafts and chilling... and always wear clothing suited to weather conditions.
2. Get enough sleep and rest... and eat well-balanced meals to help keep resistance built up during the cold months.
3. Whenever possible avoid exposure to those who have respiratory illnesses.
4. If you have frequent colds, or if you are generally "run down," ask your doctor about preventive measures against respiratory infections.

REMEMBER, too, what seems to be a cold in a child often turns out to be the beginning of measles, whooping cough or some other communicable disease. So, it is always wise to keep a child with a cold at home to protect others as well as himself. The communicable diseases are most contagious in this early stage.

Metropolitan's new booklet called *Respiratory Diseases* gives additional information to help improve winter health. Simply clip and mail the coupon below for your free copy.

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LONDON LETTER

BY *Beverley Baxter*



Why Russia must choose peace

ALLOW me to introduce to you no less a person than Mr. Peter Brook. You would like him if you met him. He is short, wistful, gentle and seems slightly puzzled but also amused.

For a long time he has been a famous figure in the London theatre but a few weeks ago he hit the headlines of the world with a mighty splash. He had taken a brilliant company of actors from London to play Hamlet in Moscow. Incidentally he himself has some Russian blood and speaks the language fairly well.

The Moscow Theatre was crowded to the gills on the opening night. The wistful Peter had done all he could as a producer and took his seat in the front row of the stalls to witness his own and Shakespeare's triumph—in that order.

Everything went well until the moment when Paul Scofield was to intone the incomparable monologue "To be or not to be." A Russian photographer brought up his tripod and prepared to photograph the star. Whereupon the youthful Mr. Brook rose from his seat, wrenched the camera off the tripod and hurled it up the aisle. Then he resumed his seat while the photographer beat a sulkily retreat, dragging his tripod behind him. Mr. Brook was on the front page of the world's newspapers next day except, of course, in Moscow.

When Peter threw that camera into the aisle at Moscow there was a mighty roar of approval in Britain. "It's about time!" said the man on the street, and that admirable expression of opinion was echoed across the country and throughout the civilized world.

The Russian does not change. He belongs neither to Asia nor to Europe yet he is part of both. Of his bravery as a soldier there is no question, for he marched against the Kaiser's army in 1914 with nothing but the courage of his heart and an out-of-date rifle. And a war later, when Hitler played his last trump at Stalingrad, the Russians held on with the same spirit as Verdun when the defenders cried: "Aux armes les morts!"

Russia was doomed to communism. The faltering fingers of decadent, weakling czars could no longer hold the crown. The people had never known freedom and when they had it for a short spell under Kerensky they did not know what to do with it.

Therefore, in judging the Russia of today, we must realize that we are not dealing with a normal government. It is in fact a revolutionary government theoretically and spiritually at war with the Western democracies. Hitler was right when he said that Nazism and democracy could not both survive. Nor do I believe that democracy and communism can live side by side forever.

You will remember that it was the liberal Kerensky who led the preliminary Russian revolution in 1917, a revolution that proved to be a mere curtain raiser to the bloody drama *Continued on page 54*



Premier Bulganin (left) and party boss Khrushchev put on a friendship show in India. They were hurt when a Nehru aide said no Red cult would take root there.



BLAIR FRASER

BACKSTAGE At Ottawa



Cartoon by Grassick

Surgery or transfusion? The investigators have CBC-TV on the table.

What's the bill for an independent CBC?

UNLESS parliament turns out to be more interesting than anyone now expects, the big Ottawa news this winter will come from the new royal commission on broadcasting headed by Robert M. Fowler, of Montreal. For the first time since 1929, when a royal commission under Sir John Aird made the report that led eventually to the creation of the CBC, an independent body will devote its whole attention to this peculiarly Canadian problem.

Everybody, at least in theory, wants Canadian radio and TV programs. The Aird Commission twenty-seven years ago found "unanimity on one fundamental question—Canadian listeners want Canadian broadcasting." There's no reason to doubt they still do, all the more since television arrived with its vastly greater impact. But that's as far as unanimity goes. From there on everybody wants something different.

Television viewers, of course, want better shows. Since each has his own idea which shows are good and which need improvement or replacement, this means the viewer would like a choice instead of being limited to the one program provided (except in bilingual areas) by present CBC policy. There is no evidence, however, that the viewer has any desire to pay anything more for this extra television service.

At first glance the private broadcasters seem to agree wholly with the average viewer. They too want to give him a choice. They want competitive licensing of television stations in areas where one station is already established, and they say this

extra service needn't cost anything. They say Canadian advertising agencies already have in hand six million dollars worth of business which they would like to put into television and for which they can't get time. About a million of this money, say the private broadcasters, is waiting to be spent in the Toronto area alone.

Normally those who argue for competitive licensing are thinking of the rich fields of Toronto, Montreal and Vancouver where the CBC now has monopolies for its own stations. There are cynics in Ottawa who doubt that the private broadcasters are equally anxious for new CBC competition in the twenty-seven areas now served on a monopoly basis by private television stations. Politicians are getting complaints from places like Quebec City, for instance, where viewers are not getting some of the CBC programs of which they hear talk in other places, and the politicians have not been deafened by any clamor from the private broadcasters in support of these complaints. But no matter what individual station owners may feel, the official voice of the private stations—the Canadian Association of Radio and Television Broadcasters—is officially on record in favor of competition for private as well as CBC broadcasting.

Where the private stations' organization is less precise is in its undertaking to share the burden of providing Canadian TV programs. In radio, their record in this respect was found by the Massey Commission to be extremely poor, and "some of the

Continued on page 46



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And even *after* your loaf has been unsealed for use, all you do to retain its flavour and freshness is simply twist the "Cellophane" closed again.

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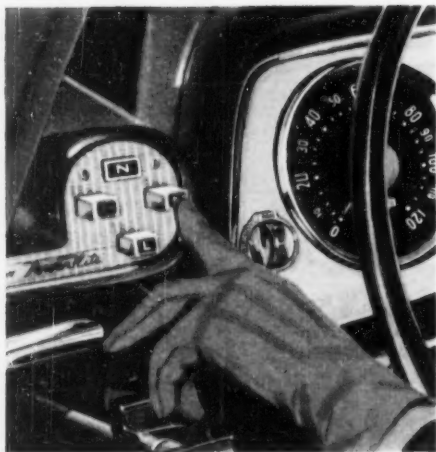
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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, JANUARY 21, 1956

Are the Republicans stuck with Nixon?

**They still hope Ike will run but,
with a bad heart, can he do the job? Democrats say no.
Come what may, they'll campaign against Nixon, the next
best bet, whom nobody — not even Nixon — wants to bet on**

BY BLAIR FRASER

TODAY the Republican Party of the United States is living in a nightmare. It's a common nightmare, one that everybody has at one time or another, but no easier to bear on that account. The dreamer sees calamity descending upon him at a dreadful rate, but he for some strange reason is unable to move hand or foot to avert it. That is the Republican plight. And the imminent calamity is all the more distressing because it bears the name and face of one of the party's brightest young men, a handsome, intelligent, industrious, eloquent Californian named Richard Milhous Nixon, now Republican vice-president of the United States.

Some time next month President Dwight Eisenhower, the most popular Republican since Abraham Lincoln, expects final word

from his doctors on whether he is physically able to run for a second term next fall. He will then make up his own mind. Even before the president's coronary thrombosis last September there were rumors that he might not run again—rumors he did nothing to dispel. His wife and son were said to be urging him to retire to a comfortable honored old age. Now that his heart has been damaged it's a fair inference that they must be even more insistent. To say Eisenhower has a good excuse to retire is an understatement.

Yet the Republican Party has, or says it has, no plans for anything but an Eisenhower ticket in November. "So far as I am concerned there's no other candidate," Leonard Hall, chairman of the Republican National Committee, told reporters after a talk with the president in December. Hall

CONTINUED OVER PAGE



ARE THE REPUBLICANS STUCK WITH NIXON? continued

was sure, he said, that Eisenhower would run "if he is able."

This optimism was not mere bluff. More and more Republicans in the weeks before Christmas were offering to bet that Eisenhower would run. Some of them brushed off his heart condition by pointing out that the president is a soldier, a West Pointer, who would not let the fear of death stop him from doing his duty to his country. They obviously see little difference between the duty to repel a foreign enemy and the duty to keep the Democrats out of office.

Republicans claim that the president himself has given them some encouragement. The night before Chairman Hall had his interview at Gettysburg he called in senior aides at the Republican National Committee to plan what he should say to the press about Eisenhower's intentions. None of them expected he'd have anything definite from the president, so the problem was to devise a statement that would sound as cheerful as possible without running any risk of repudiation.

Hall did not use the careful formula they concocted. The word was judiciously leaked in Washington that Hall threw away his prepared statement because Eisenhower told him to. The phrase "he'll run if he is able" was said to be the president's own idea.

Can a heart victim come back?

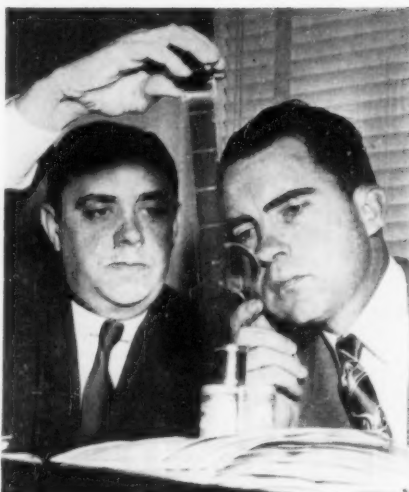
Be that as it may, though, such indications cannot be taken at face value nowadays—and are not, even by Republicans. Eisenhower is probably as guileless a man as ever attained high office, but his lack of guile implies no lack of shrewdness. He wants to have his program adopted by congress, and for that he must have firm command of his own party. While there is hope that he will run a second time, the president's control of his party will be stronger than it has ever been. Once the notion is accepted that he must retire, his influence will dwindle.

But even if the president really thinks he can and should run, and no matter how emphatically he may say so, doubt will remain. No man of sixty-five with an impaired heart can take up the man-killing burden of the presidency and feel sure he can stay the course. Republicans are glumly aware that the Democrats are not mere wishful thinkers when they decide, as they have already decided, to run in November not against Dwight Eisenhower but against Richard Milhous Nixon.

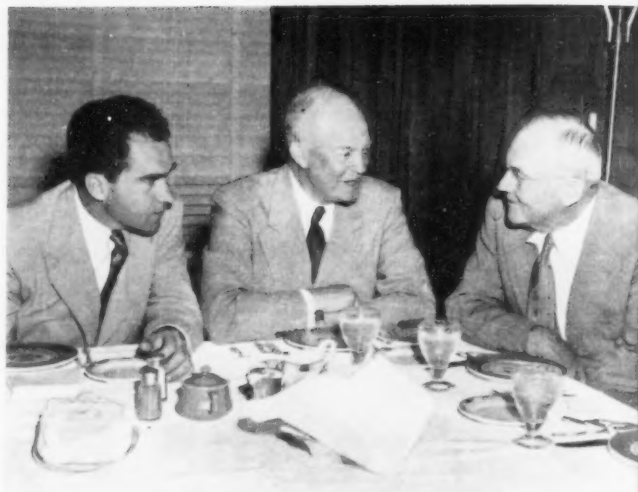
They will do this whether Eisenhower is the candidate or not. If Eisenhower is nominated they will simply accuse the Republican Party of conspiring to commit murder, or manslaughter at best. The target of their attack will be Vice-President Nixon, the man who would succeed if Eisenhower were to die in office or resign. They take it for granted, and few Republicans are ready to say them nay, that if Eisenhower runs Nixon will again be his running mate, and that if Eisenhower does not run Nixon will get the Republican presidential nomination.

Only the Democrats feel any glee at this prospect. Nixon's best friends agree that 1956 is not the right year for him to try for the presidency, and that Eisenhower's illness has been for him not only a grief but a personal disaster. His enemies, of whom he has a good many in both parties, consider him a sure loser. But at the moment—and this is the Republican nightmare—the ruling party seems unable to do anything to avert the fate that's rolling down upon it.

Like most nightmares this one seems ir-



SPY HUNTER: He saw through Alger Hiss' story, helped expose him as a Red.



JUNIOR PARTNER: After the '52 convention he talks with Ike and Dulles. He's known as Eisenhower's most loyal backer.

Handsome and forceful, Nixon tries to be all things to all people. But



FAMILY MAN: His pretty wife was a big help in '52 campaign when Nixon's star began to rise.



LION TAMER: Circus Saints and Sinners, a club of celebrities, made him pat a lion. He's tough in politics too.

No job is too tough for him and he works night and day to be popular.



ATHLETE: Ex-football player, he cites Munn of Michigan State as the Coach of 1955.



DO-GOODER: In Washington's March of Dimes he helped to promote the campaign by working as a gas-station attendant.



STUMP ORATOR: Ike makes all the policy speeches but Nixon is party work horse.



MAN'S MAN: With Senator Frank Carlson he helps at a camp dinner. He has many foes too among high Republicans.

even his Republican friends don't think he's ready to become president



GLAD-HANDER: He's a smiling host when political foe Truman visits the U. S. Senate.



WORLD-TRAVELER: On a tour of the Far East the Nixons see sights in India. But his political forte is the U. S. scene.

But the Democrats hate him and so do some of his own party's leaders



SPORTSMAN: At a Washington speed-boat regatta, he presents the winner's trophy to band leader Guy Lombardo.



MUSICIAN: He gags a Truman favorite—Missouri Waltz—for newsmen. He likes his public role.

rational. The party has many able men in its ranks, and one in particular is shown by Gallup polls to be much more popular than Nixon.

Earl Warren, now chief justice of the Supreme Court, was a fantastically successful politician in his native California. In thirty years of public life he was defeated only once, and that was as a vice-presidential candidate behind Thomas E. Dewey. He was governor of California for ten years until his appointment to the supreme court in 1953, and for much of that time he was the chosen candidate of both political parties. California law permits what is known as cross-filing, by which the same man may enter primary elections for nomination by both parties. Warren beat Democrats and Republicans with almost equal ease. According to the Gallup poll he is the only Republican other than Eisenhower who has as much popular support as the Democrats' probable candidate, Adlai Stevenson.

But Warren has said he will not run. Last April he took notice of rumors that he might be the Republican candidate, and issued a formal statement: "... When I accepted that position (of chief justice) it was with the fixed purpose of leaving politics permanently for service on the Court. That is still my purpose. It is irrevocable. I will not change it under any circumstances or conditions. ..."

The judge's greatest mistake

Warren's statement lacked only the pompous arrogance, none of the firmness and finality, of General William Tecumseh Sherman's famous utterance in 1884: "I will not accept if nominated and will not serve if elected."

Moreover Warren issued his announcement in the most formal way possible. He called in his Supreme Court colleagues beforehand and read it to them; they took it as a personal promise, and they were delighted. Only once before had even an associate justice left the Supreme Court to be a candidate for president.

Charles Evans Hughes accepted a Republican draft to oppose Woodrow Wilson in 1916. He was defeated. Hughes said later, and the statement appears among his papers, that acceptance of the Republican draft was the greatest mistake of his life, and he hoped no other Supreme Court judge would ever make it again.

It is true, as some hopeful Republicans and apprehensive Democrats point out, that Warren's "irrevocable" statement was made before President Eisenhower's heart attack. But there are half a dozen reasons, in addition to the publicly pledged word of an honorable man, why Warren is unlikely to change his mind.

Warren himself wrote the controversial judgment eighteen months ago that outlawed the segregated schools of the American South. Already several deep-south states are defying the law of the land as laid down in this Supreme Court judgment. If the author of it were now to emerge as a Republican politician again, the damage this would do to respect for law is incalculable.

This applies particularly to the segregation judgment, but in some degree to all judgments. A cornerstone of the United States constitution is the Supreme Court as the symbol and very embodiment of the sanctity of law. If the court should become a political target the constitution itself would be shaken.

Warren will be sixty-five in March, almost as old as President Eisenhower. After thirty-odd years in public

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HUNTERS? Not really. Prince George Jaycees did their good turn by buying bearskins for the British Guards.

Madcaps with a mission

The boys in the Junior Chamber of Commerce often behave like circus clowns.

But even the zaniest pranks are designed to prove that young men can change the world, and often they do

BY DAVID MacDONALD



PAINTERS? No, it's the Dawson Creek chamber refurbishing Mile Zero post that promotes Dawson Creek and Alaska Highway.



CON MEN? No, it's the Ottawa Jaycees whooping up interest for a convention in Kingston. The gag's theme: "Don't take my boy to Kingston." But hundreds went.



CLOWNS? You'd think so, but it's the Toronto boys ribbing their town in Vancouver's Grey Cup parade — part of a plan to kill the stuffy-Toronto myth.

WATCHING the big Grey Cup football parade in Vancouver, last Nov. 26, two hundred thousand people howled with delight as the nation's favorite target of scorn—the haughty old city of Toronto—was spoofed from subway to Sunday to sin. Beside a float knocking Toronto the Good, a policeman carried a sign reading, "Four bars to the beat." A rickety flophouse ("Beds 49c; Rooms 99c") ribbed the Convention City, while wrestlers and leggy calendar art kidded its culture. Canada's financial centre, Bay Street, was lampooned by zoot-suited brokers hawking uranium mines ("Only two to a customer") and a Canadian National Exhibition barker cried, "Come to the Ex—meet the people of Toronto—and see the freaks."

What added point to the needling was the fact that it was all done by—lo!—the Toronto Junior Board of Trade.

Such civic treason left Torontonians with mixed feelings. The mayor, Nathan Phillips, first tried to suppress the floats. Then he changed heart and assured reporters that "we can laugh at ourselves." An ex-mayor, Leslie Saunders, disagreed. "Toronto is a good city," said he. "It shouldn't be held up to ridicule." If some citizens were too scandalized to see behind the fun, Junior Board chairman Gordon Peck told them, "It was just a good-will stunt to show that Toronto's not really full of stuffed shirts."

Moreover, it worked, giving the staid Queen City some of the best publicity it's had in the west. A Vancouver radio station, CKWX, actually bought a quarter-page ad in the

Toronto Globe and Mail just to say, "Congratulations Toronto—we're mighty proud of you." Noting this, the Toronto Telegram moved a vote of thanks to the Junior Board. "When Toronto lampoons Toronto," the paper said, "that's national news."

This sort of shenanigan is typical of the whoop-de-do tactics that have been brought to bear on a multiplicity of local, national and world problems by the Junior Chamber of Commerce of Canada, a federate tong of twenty-five thousand young men in three hundred chambers of commerce (sometimes called boards of trade) across the land.

Ranging in age from eighteen to forty years, the Jaycees have been criticized at times for being too brash and at other times, paradoxically, for being too pompous. But, in thirty-two years

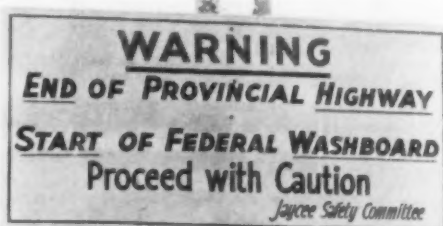
of espousing varied causes—from clothing war refugees to fighting the evils of comic books and communism—they've seldom gone unnoticed. With the missionary zeal of a Grenfell and the showmanship of a Goldwyn, they are Canada's most unusual do-gooders.

Last winter, for example, the Jaycees of Port Colborne, Ont., wanted to impress upon their fellow citizens how precious is the free ballot. Rather than bore them with sermons on Magna Charta, a young lawyer named Barry Feagan sat outside the post office for two hours with his arms and legs locked in wooden stocks. "Your forefathers suffered this for the right to vote," he told curious crowds. "Don't let them down."

Again, when Ottawa's Jaycees undertook recently to reform drinking drivers, they wrapped one member in a shroud, put a beer bottle in his hands and wheeled him about the city—in a coffin.

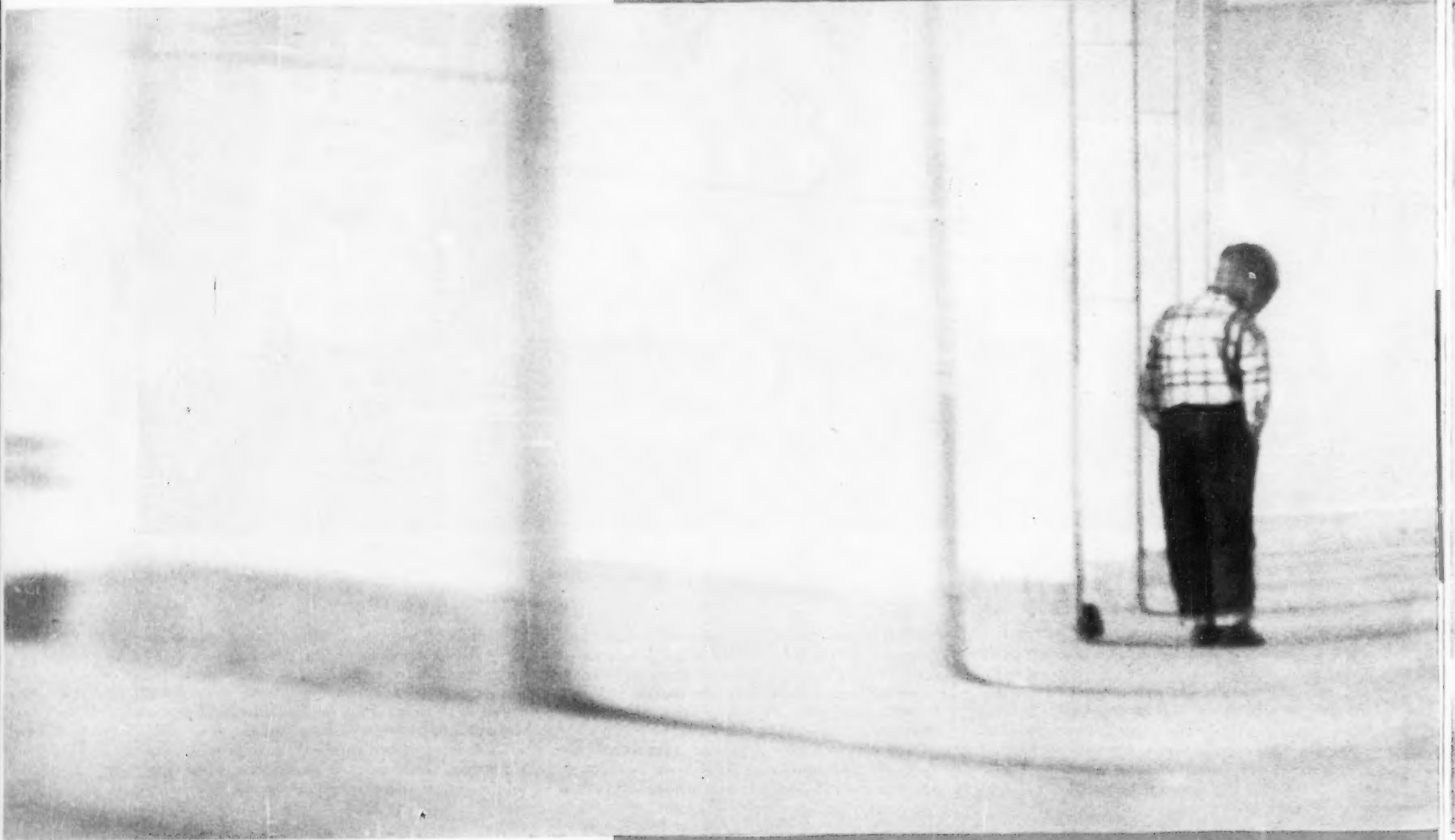
Their good deeds—which range from attempts to curb jaywalking to campaigns for blood donations—make them one of the foremost service clubs in the country. But the designation "service club" finds little favor at Jaycee national headquarters in Montreal. "With us, public service is secondary," says executive director Don Carlisle, a young man of serious mien. "Our real purpose is leadership training and self-development." Hence, much of a Jaycee's spare time is taken up with courses in effective public speaking, business administration and parliamentary procedure. This weighty aspect once prompted a Vancouver newspaperman, when asked to

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By needling Ottawa the St. John's, Newfoundland, Jaycees got the road to the local airport paved.

The lonely



BY SIDNEY KATZ

PHOTO BY PETER CROYDON

Bewildered and frightened,
thousands of Canadian children
are walled off from reality by the most terrible
of mental illnesses, schizophrenia.

Here is a report on what science is doing
to lead them from their bleak secret world

children



THE MOST HEART-RENDING situation any parent can face is the spectacle of a child walled off from reality by the bewildering disease called schizophrenia. So little has been known about this ailment—the most disturbing and severe of all mental illnesses—that until very recently nobody realized that juveniles suffered from it at all. But it has lately been discovered that there are perhaps ten thousand of these children in Canada living in a mysterious and often frightening world of their own making.

Today, thanks to the research of men such as Ray Keeler, a psychiatrist with Toronto's famous Hospital for Sick Children, science is beginning to understand something about these lonely children. Keeler has spent two years of research on the subject and has diagnosed one hundred

and fifteen cases of child schizophrenia. But he knows that thousands of other cases will go unrecognized. These will be described as being "emotionally disturbed," mentally retarded, defective in speech, deaf, brain injury cases, or as psychopathic personalities. Through his research Keeler hopes to make the detection of the disease easier. He's also searching for the answers to two baffling questions: what causes childhood schizophrenia, and what can be done about it?

Adult schizophrenia has been studied for the last sixty years. It is sometimes called *dementia praecox* or, popularly, "split personality." The schizophrenic withdraws from the world as we know it and lives in a fantasy world of his own. His thinking, mood and behavior are affected. Frequently, he has delusions and hallucina-

tions. In response to them, he may resort to violence and suicide. It is the most stubborn of all mental illnesses to treat: almost half the sixty thousand patients in Canada's mental hospitals are schizophrenic.

Although juvenile and adult schizophrenics differ in many respects, they have one thing in common: an inability to derive warmth and enjoyment from the companionship of others. I spent a few days recently in the gaily furnished day-treatment centre of the Montreal Children's Hospital, watching a group of schizophrenic children at play. They ranged in age from four to seven. They were frightened bewildered children, each living in his own private world. They paid no attention to their teacher-therapists, the other children

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Bruce Hutchison
rediscovers

THE
UNKNOWN
COUNTRY
IV

NOVA SCOTIA

*"Its hopes have been disappointed
while the hopes of the nation have been exceeded.
But when the salt spray blows
even the dullest landlubber can catch the whiff of high adventure
and the memories of an indestructible race"*

PROFESSOR Arnold Toynbee, disposing blandly of the world's various civilizations like a man judging handicrafts, prize cattle or pickles at a country fair, cites Nova Scotia as a classic example of what he calls history's Challenge and Response.

The Challenge of environment, in Toynbee's Olympian verdict, has proved too much for Nova Scotia's Response. Hence the province is one of the "least prosperous and progressive" areas in America, its civilization apparently arrested, stunted and forever doomed to inferiority by a niggard land and a misplaced people who cannot hope to thrive on it.

With an ignorant man's deference to a learned historian I submit that Professor Toynbee has never studied the real civilization of Nova Scotia. He has visited the wrong places or seen the wrong people and, in any case, is talking from Olympus through his hat.

Against his Challenge—if Nova Scotia will permit a stranger to speak for it as a kind of visiting *amicus curiae*—I

venture to introduce certain exhibits representing the successful Response of a great and greatly misunderstood people, whose civilization, in the true meaning of that word, is one of the highest that we have yet erected in Canada.

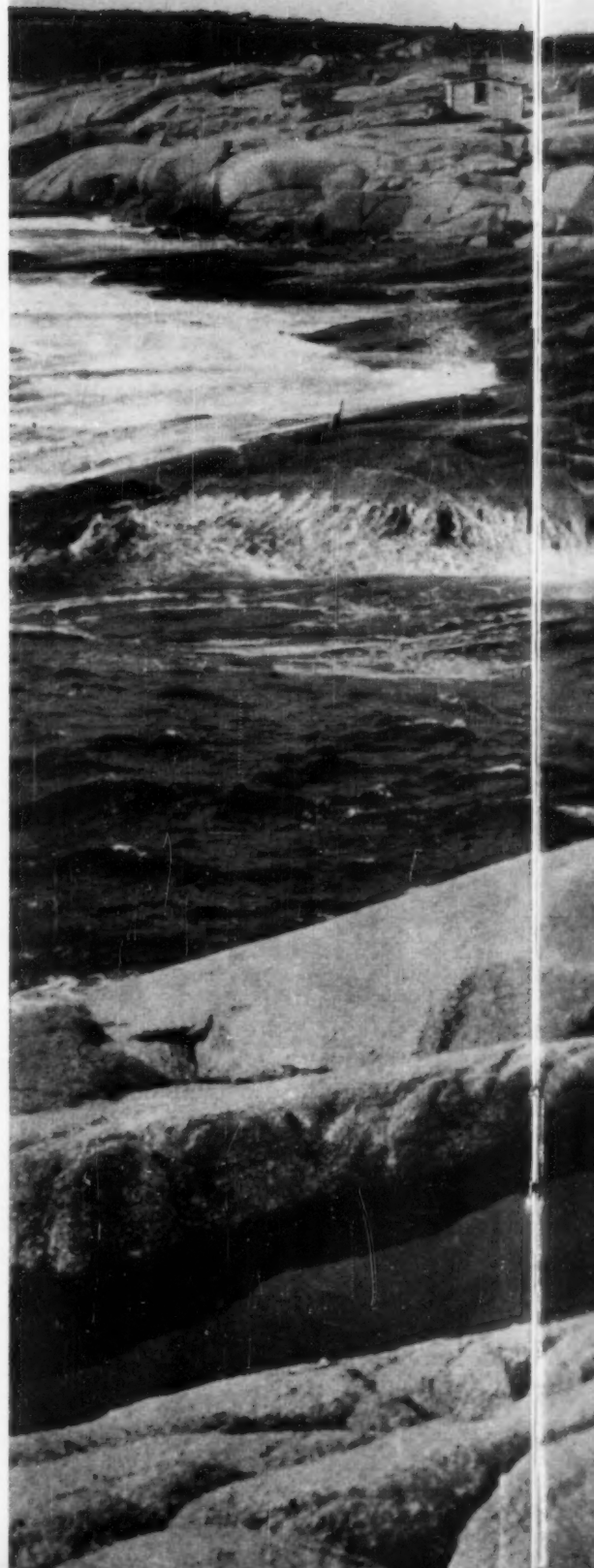
What, for example, has Professor Toynbee to say about a population half that of Toronto which maintains seven universities, has produced more statesmen of stature than any comparable segment of the nation and yet exports enough surplus talent to carry the odd genius of Nova Scotia into every other province?

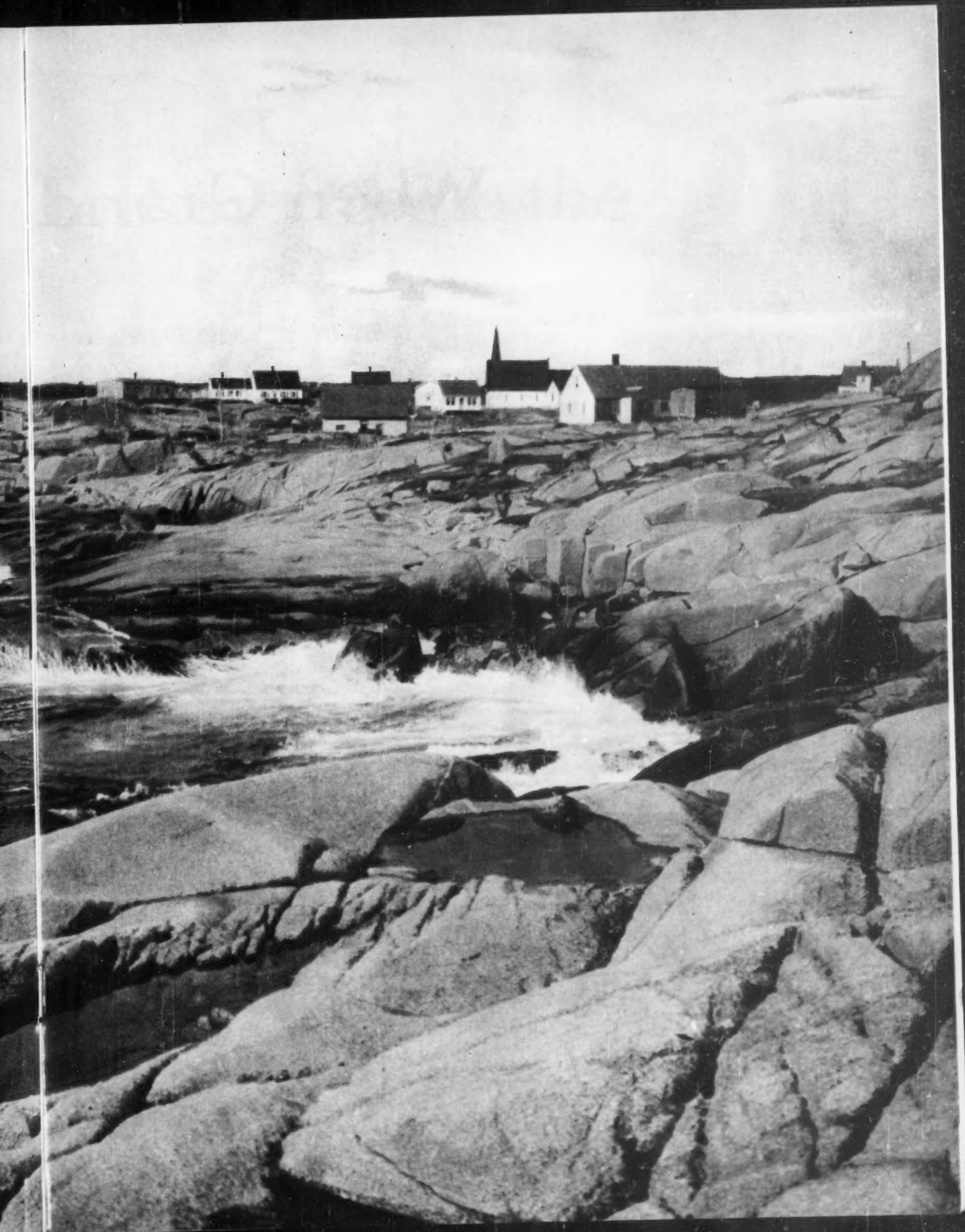
But one need offer nothing more than the massive exhibit of Halifax, now meeting the latest Challenge of two centuries, to put Toynbee out of court.

Here the civilization of Canada has built a civic masterpiece. Only the peculiar virtues, crochets and glorious lunacy of the British Isles—above all, the granitic instinct and grim whimsy of Scotland, could conceive this museum piece of square Georgian architecture, combine it with the soaring Gothic of Edinburgh,

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PHOTO BY RONNY JAQUES





When Grand f

In Wales it was, back in the year 2500, when the spaceship

soared from our fields, and Gran

skipped into history on a honeymoon

BY E. L. MALPASS

A.D. 2500

That was the year they brought the Electric to Pen-y-Graig Farm.

Wonderful it was, when Grandfather Griffiths pressed down the switch, and the great farm kitchen was flooded with light. There was Dai my father, and Mother, blinking and grinning in the light, and Electric-Plumber Williams, smug as you please, looking as though he had invented the Electric himself and sent it through the pipes. Only Gran was sad. Tears streaming down her face, she picked up the old paraffin lamp and carried it sadly out into the scullery.

That was funny about Gran. She was progressive, and left to herself she would have filled the house with refrigerators and atomic cookers and washers. But Grand-



d father flew to the

father called these things devil's inventions, and would have none of them. And yet, when Grandfather at last agreed to the Electric, Gran was in tears. Reaction, Auntie Spaceship-Repairs Jones said it was.

"Well," roared Grandfather. "There's your Electric. But don't think that because you've talked me into this you'll talk me into any more of these devil's inventions. Let no one mention the word spaceship in my presence ever again."

That was intended for Gran. In her black clothes she was a rather pathetic-looking little woman, and no match at all for her fiery husband. But one thing she had always insisted that she wanted—a spaceship—and it had been a source of argument between them for years.

I tell you all this that you may know that we of Pen-y-Graig are not the backward savages that some people would have you believe. We are in touch with modern thought, even though we are apt to cling to the old ways. But what I really remember of those far-off golden days of 2500 is of how the first Expedition to the Moon set off, and of how it landed in Ten Acre Field, and of the strange events that followed.

Men had been trying to set off for the Moon for years, perhaps for centuries. But you know how it is. Something always happened to stop them. The weather was bad, or someone's auntie died, or there was an eclipse. In the autumn of 2500, however, they were ready at last.

It was cold that evening, and we were sitting by the fire, enjoying the Electric. Grandfather was listening in; suddenly he jumps to his feet and shouts, "Blasphemy."

No one took much notice, for if the old

man didn't jump up and shout, "Blasphemy," at least once of an evening Gran thought he was sickening and gave him a purge.

So Gran said dutifully, "What is it, Mortimer?"

"Flying to the Moon, they are," he cried. "The spaceship has just left London. And they're dancing in the streets, and exploding fireworks in celebration. Sodom and—"

But at that moment there was a noise as of a great wind passing over, and then a terrible crash as though someone had picked up all our milk churns and dropped them on the Dutch barn. We ran outside, and there, in Ten Acre Field, a Thing was glinting in the frosty moonlight. Huge it was, like a great shining rocket.

Grandfather looked at it. "Lost their way, maybe," he said with malicious satisfaction. Then he felt in his waistcoat pocket and took out a card and put it in my hand.

"Run you, Bronwen," he said, "and give them the business card of Uncle Spaceship-Repairs Jones."

But I was frightened, being but a little girl then, and clung to my mother's skirts. So Dai my father started up the tractor without a word, and rode off to fetch Uncle Spaceship-Repairs Jones.

Down to the farm came the Moon Men, as the newspapers called them, their helmets bright in the moonlight, and soon Dai my father arrived. My uncle was sitting on the tractor with him, clutching a great spanner and grinning as pleased as Punch, and soon his banging and hammering came across the still air from Ten Acre.

One of the

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ILLUSTRATED BY OSCAR

Gran stared at the thin crescent Moon. "Hanging on by his fingernails now he will be," she sighed.





"The founder (James McGill) still sleeps in the triangle outside the Arts Building . . . but no other minds stand still before the cold wind of progress . . ."



PHOTO BY BASIL ZAROV

The author looks at this new McGill with pride and wonder.

My heart belongs to Old McGill

By PHYLLIS LEE PETERSON

An ex-student takes a sentimental journey

back to her alma mater. Remember when they barred Leacock's dog? And when Osler—"The Baby Professor"—was everybody's hero? It's still a great place—and a great university

TO THE casual sightseer from bus or horse-drawn calèche, Canada's most famous university is an impressive but incongruous jumble of buildings sprawled around the green horseshoe of its campus in the heart of Montreal. To those who know and love it well as past students—and I am one of them—it is more, much more. It is the humanity of Osler, the laughter of Leacock, the genius of Penfield. It is the past and the present—the relics of the Nor'west fur traders housed a stone's throw from the only cyclotron in Canada. It is a research station in the Barbados, a lonely outpost in the lonelier north, the Montreal Neurological Institute—hospital, school and world centre of study on the human brain. It is the flaming backdrop of Mount Royal in autumn, the founder's grave under a snow-wreathed ginkgo tree, fluorescent lights shining through the soft spring dusk from Edwardian mansions on adjoining streets. (McGill, like Topsy, just grew.) From here and its affiliated college, Macdonald, twenty miles away, have come the thousands of scientists, doctors, lawyers, teachers, agronomists, engineers, whose degrees rank high anywhere. Here, in a city predominantly French-speaking, Scot, English, American have blended to produce something truly international yet typically Canadian. McGill was a wonderfully exciting place when I went there twenty-five years ago. It is a wonderfully exciting place today.

The excitement is, of course, subdued. If one may make the special and necessary exceptions of fraternity rushes and the student cheering section at the football games, nothing at McGill is ever blatant. McGill still asserts its position as one of the world's greatest and most useful universities in its own way—cool, cautious and

conservative. "Proceed, produce, and don't publish," advised a research head of the past. McGill still employs no public-relations counsel. It shuns publicity as it did when an unknown New Zealander named Ernest Rutherford occupied its Macdonald chair of physics. Here, in a series of brilliant experiments from 1898 to 1907, Rutherford carried on from Roentgen, Becquerel and the Curies to explore uranium radiation and advance the transformation theory of radioactivity which paved the way for tomorrow's atomic world. When this information leaked out, a high-placed McGill official shuddered. "For God's sake, tell him to stop making wild statements to the press. He's bringing discredit on the university."

Without fuss or fanfare McGill conducted the radar research that resulted in the McGill Fence, forerunner of the Distant Early Warning line now being built at a cost of three hundred million dollars in a joint Canadian-American effort to hang a screen against invasion across the top of the world. It operates an international weather station at Knob Lake on the Labrador border, the only one of its kind run by a university for the safety of aviation. It has fathered such diverse offspring as the Canadian Officers Training Corps, the University of British Columbia, and football as played on this continent today. And in its dusty archives the name of its first bachelor of arts is also that of Manitoba's first chief justice, then the lieutenant-governor—Alexander Morris—who helped found another university there.

McGill reserves one third of its medical school for Americans, a tradition strongly entrenched since 1852 when a youth named Thomas

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EVERYTHING IN SILVERWARE

A wide assortment of tableware, unredeemed and now up for sale, gleams in McTamney's cases.



EVERYTHING IN WATCHES

The shop holds 25,000 watches and employs four watchmakers.



EVERYTHING UNDER THE SUN

Thousands of pawned items, from razors to radios, are on the three floors above the store.

The world's biggest pawnshop

Sixty thousand Canadians each year turn to McTamney's for cash.

You can get as much as half a million dollars—if you've got enough security

BY FRANK CROFT

PHOTOS BY PAUL ROCKETT

IN DOWNTOWN TORONTO, almost within shouting distance of department stores like Eaton's and Simpson's, but equally close to the sleazy flophouses of the city's Skid Row, stands a four-story building crammed from top to bottom with watches, rings, furs, cameras, sewing machines, typewriters, sports trophies, stamp collections and just about everything else of value that can be carried through a door.

Most of the oddly assorted stock isn't for sale. Instead, it's being held as security against loans totaling four hundred and fifty thousand dollars, for this is the pawnshop of James McTamney and Company. Each year sixty thousand borrowers enter McTamney's. Some walk out with a few pathetic silver coins, others with certified cheques for sums running into five figures. The pledges they leave behind symbolize their despair, defeat, pride, improvidence and hope. There are more of these symbols at McTamney's than anywhere else, according to Maurice and Earl Shortt, the brothers who operate the firm. While there are no international statistics to prove or disprove their claim, the Shortts say McTamney's is the largest pawnshop in the world.

In support of this they point out that Kaskel's of New York, acknowledged by the pawnbroking trade to be the biggest pawnshop in the U. S., has only three booths where borrowers may show their belongings and plead with "Uncle." McTamney's has ten booths. When Kaskel's recently advanced a loan of ten thousand dollars on jewelry it rated a news item in the Wall Street Journal. McTamney's has

loaned an individual twenty-five thousand dollars on jewelry.

More than three hundred loans have been made in a day at McTamney's, usually on a Monday or Friday, the busy days. And if anyone should drop in with the Russian crown jewels, the Hope diamond or the equally famous Jonker 125-carat stone, he would find the Shortt brothers ready to do business with a certified cheque for as much as half a million dollars, and all within five minutes of the borrower's entering the shop. The bank is just down at the corner.

The loans made at McTamney's are, like all pawnbrokers' loans in Canada, governed by the Pawnbrokers' Act, passed by the dominion government in 1886. It has not been amended since. The act restricts pawnshop interest rates to two percent a month on loans of less than twenty dollars and one and one quarter percent a month on loans above that figure. The pawnbroker holds pawned goods for one year, after which he may sell them as unredeemed merchandise. Ninety percent of the articles left in pledge at McTamney's are redeemed, the Shortt brothers claim, so more than half their profits are from interest on loans.

The Shortt brothers are wholly unlike the traditional picture of "Uncle." They don't go around in alpaca jackets and stringy black ties, with jeweler's lenses screwed into their eyes. They are agreeable, soft-spoken, middle-aged men dressed in well-tailored dark suits with Kiwanis buttons in their lapels. They insist that a gentleman can be a pawnbroker and a pawnbroker can be a gentleman. The twenty employees (of a total staff of twenty-six) who meet the public are trained to believe that the man who comes in to pawn a pair of hedge clippers is just as important as the man seeking a



LOANS ARE MADE in ten pledging booths, visited by sixty thousand borrowers a year. Most of the goods pawned are redeemed later.



THEY RUN MCTAMNEY'S. Part-owner Jim Shortt and his uncle Earl (with diamond trays, front row) pose with some of the staff and a selection of the wide variety of goods, worth \$150,000, being held as security by the firm. Earl and his brother Maurice manage the shop.

ten-thousand-dollar loan on a fistful of diamonds, and is doing McTamney's as great a favor by borrowing as the shop is doing him by lending. This sounds like Lesson No. 1 in Success Through Salesmanship, but it works. Two clerks have been discharged in the last twenty years for being unnecessarily brusque with customers of the down-and-out type.

When it comes to a big deal in precious stones, the Shortts have two experts on their staff to help make evaluations. Frank Cunningham is a member of the Gemmological Association of Great Britain (in this

case "Gemmological" is a traditional spelling, like Court of St. James's), and Cameron Webb is a member of the Gemmological Institute of America. Both men put in years of study and passed stiff examinations (supervised for the gemmological organizations by the University of Toronto). So far neither expert has been fooled on the quality or value of any stone brought to McTamney's.

The late Irish-born James McTamney bequeathed the business in 1927 to his daughter, the wife of Maurice Shortt. When she died in 1953, ownership passed

to her son and daughter. The son, Jim, works with the other clerks, learning the business. Management is still in the hands of Jim's father, Maurice Shortt, and his brother Earl.

Not all the sixty thousand men and women a year who walk with self-conscious nonchalance to the rear of McTamney's shop are the beaten and the forlorn. Typical of hundreds is the old customer who drops in with an electric razor, on which he raises a quick five-spot. "He's in and out with that razor about a dozen times a year"

Continued on next page



Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



Even a jailbird skips out to bask in the chilly charm of teacher Jennifer Jones.

GOOD MORNING, MISS DOVE: Jennifer Jones' glacial charm as a prim small-town school teacher somehow eludes me. She is unaccountably adored by all her former pupils, including a jailbird who keeps breaking loose so he can check up on her hospital progress. Robert Stack, however, turns in a solid and likeable performance as a young physician, and the film's plea for a wholesome mode of life recommends it to the so-called family trade.

ALL THAT HEAVEN ALLOWS: Strongly slanted to ring the bell with soap-opera fans, but otherwise of limited appeal. High-society widow (Jane Wyman) and manly gardener (Rock Hudson) fall in love despite much pressure from stuffy kinfolk and friends.

DOCTOR AT SEA: Some muscular but amusing clowning by the majestically bearded James Robertson Justice partially atones for a lot of ill-judged slapstick in this sequel to *Doctor in the House*. With Dirk Bogarde, Brenda de Banzie.

QUENTIN DURWARD: Sir Walter Scott's novel about knightly valor in the fifteenth century has been translated into a widescreen swash-buckler which offers some literate and witty dialogue as well as the customary heroics. With Robert Taylor, Kay Kendall, Robert Morley.

THE SECOND GREATEST SEX: A western operetta, obviously intended to duplicate the gusto and humor of *Seven Brides for Seven Brothers*. The attempt falls quite a bit short of the mark but some of the dances are staged with style and vigor. With Jeanne Craine, George Nader, Bert Lahr.

THE SHEEP HAS 5 LEGS: A lively French comedy in which Fernandel, playing six roles, clinches his European renown as one of the funniest men alive.

Gilmour's guide to the current crop

The African Lion: Wildlife. Good.
Artists and Models: Comedy. Poor.
The Bar Sinister: Dog drama. Fair.
The Big Knife: Drama. Good.
Blood Alley: Adventure. Fair.
The Cobweb: Hospital drama. Fair.
The Colditz Story: Drama. Good.
Count 3 and Pray: Drama. Fair.
Cult of the Cobra: Horror. Poor.
The Dam Busters: Air war. Excellent.
The Deep Blue Sea: Drama. Good.
The Desperate Hours: Drama. Excellent.
Female on the Beach: Drama. Fair.
5 Against the House: Drama. Fair.
Gentlemen Marry Brunettes: Musical comedy. Poor.
The Girl in the Red Velvet Swing: Drama. Fair.
The Girl Rush: Comic musical. Good.
The Great Adventure: Wildlife. Excellent.
House of Bamboo: Suspense. Good.
I Am a Camera: Comedy. Fair.
I Died 1000 Times: Drama. Poor.
It's Always Fair Weather: Satire and musical comedy. Excellent.
Lady and the Tramp: Cartoon. Good.
Lady Godiva: Comedy-drama. Fair.
The Left Hand of God: Drama. Fair.
A Man Alone: Western. Fair.
Marty: Comedy-drama. Excellent.

McConnell Story: Aviation drama. Fair.
Mister Roberts: Comedy. Excellent.
My Sister Eileen: Comedy. Fair.
The Night My Number Came Up: British suspense drama. Good.
The Night of the Hunter: Drama. Fair.
Passage Home: Sea drama. Fair.
Pete Kelly's Blues: Jazz drama. Good.
Phenix City Story: Crime. Good.
Queen Bee: Drama. Fair.
Raising a Riot: Comedy. Fair.
Rebel Without a Cause: Drama. Fair.
Romeo and Juliet: Ballet. Good.
The Seven-Year Itch: Comedy. Good.
The Shrike: Psychiatric drama. Fair.
Sincerely Yours: Drama. Poor.
Special Delivery: Comedy. Fair.
Summertime: Romance. Excellent.
The Tender Trap: Comedy. Good.
Tennessee's Partner: Western. Fair.
Tight Spot: Suspense. Good.
To Hell and Back: War. Good.
Trial: Drama. Excellent.
The Trouble With Harry: Comedy. Good.
Ulysses: Adventure drama. Fair.
View From Pompey's Head: Drama. Good.
The Virgin Queen: Historical drama. Good.
Wichita: Western. Fair.

—and there are lots like him," Earl Shortt told me. "He is the independent type: when he runs short of lunch money a few days before pay day, he would rather come to us and make the touch a business proposition than borrow from a friend or rifle his wife's purse. In a few days he'll be in to redeem the razor. Meanwhile he falls back on the old Gillette."

Another aspect of human nature was revealed not long ago when a man drove up in a shiny new Buick and wheeled in a five-hundred-dollar set of golf clubs. "He borrowed one hundred dollars on them and didn't mind telling us why, although no one is obliged to say anything," Maurice Shortt relates. "It was to make the second payment on the Buick."

Early last fall a man who owns a small manufacturing plant went to McTamney's with his wife's jewelry and borrowed twenty-five hundred dollars. He needed raw materials for the plant, in expectation of Christmas orders, and the bank would not extend his overdraft. The man who borrowed the twenty-five thousand dollars on jewels was a real-estate operator who had a big deal pending and resorted to McTamney's when the bank refused him further credit. What's more, he swung the deal and redeemed the gems—and twice later raised the same amount on them for similar reasons. He pledged them a fourth time and came a cropper. "The deal that time must have fallen through," Shortt recalls. "He never redeemed them—a beautiful collection of diamond and emerald rings, brooches and bracelets and a few pendants. We finally sold them to Birks, who re-cut and re-set many of them before they, in turn, sold them."

Pawnbrokers look tragedy in the eye many times a day, every day in the week. It is not uncommon to have a would-be borrower remove false teeth, slap them down on the counter and mumble, "How much?" Glass eyes and hearing aids as well are sometimes removed on the premises and hopefully offered for a loan. It is a relief for the pawnbroker when an element of humor is provided, as when a young man limped in last winter and first of all shoved a pair of crutches across the counter; these were followed at once by a pair of skis. "They go together, and I'm through with both," the customer growled.

The last-ditch stand many people make in the pawnbroker's booth is eloquently depicted in McTamney's ledger of April 1955, a typical month. When I saw it, names and addresses were carefully concealed, so that I could see only the descriptions of articles and amounts loaned. Scattered among such items as "dia. ring—\$500," "16mm projector, and—\$200," "man's watch, g. case—\$75," there were: "lady's wed. ring—\$1," "alarm clock—75 cents," "meat cleaver—\$1," "man's 2pc. suit—\$3," "lighter—50 cents," "lady's wed. ring—75 cents" (such wedding rings, of course, would have a low gold content of ten carats or less).

"The poor are with us always," Earl Shortt says, and he should know. He and his brother and their two oldest clerks, Webb and Cunningham, are giving loans on alarm clocks, knives and forks and wedding rings to people they have watched grow up. Today's customers were once toddlers who crowded into the booths with their parents to watch the ageless transaction in childish wonderment. Then followed the years of understanding when they waited just outside the booth and a quick glance at father's or mother's face told whether the loan was sufficient or not. Now they are customers in their own right. "And

some already are initiating the next generation," Earl Shortt sighs. "They carry them in in their arms."

"What can really get you down," Maurice Shortt says, "is having a young doctor shove his surgical kit at you. It has happened more than once. The shattered hopes of the young are harder to face than chronic poverty. But when elderly men bring in watches and tea sets inscribed to good old Joe for such and such a number of years' faithful service to the old firm, it's a grim reminder that the present cost of living hits the pensioner pretty hard."

Not long ago a young lady was also hit pretty hard. She stepped nervously into one of the cubicles and, after making exhaustive enquiries about pawnshop dealings in general, slipped off her engagement ring. "My fiancé will be away for several weeks and I need fifty dollars," she explained. "I know I'll be able to redeem it before he returns." It was the clerk's painful duty to tell her that fifty dollars would buy a carload of such rings. "Disillusionments of that kind occur every now and then," Maurice Shortt says. "It's a blow when it happens, but perhaps the girls are lucky to find out these deceptions so soon."

Why was the violin sold?

A case that worried the Shortts so much that they still talk about it was that of a Toronto musician who pawned his violin more than ten years ago. "He was so well known that you wouldn't have to be a musician or music lover to recognize the name if I mentioned it," Maurice Shortt relates. "We were quite surprised when he appeared in a booth one day and quietly asked what we could let him have on it. It was a good instrument, of course, of foreign make. We loaned him twelve hundred." The musician died before the year was out and his widow brought the pawn ticket to McTamney's to see if they could sell the violin for enough to pay the pledge and leave her a few dollars. While the Shortt brothers were wondering where to find a generous buyer, a man from New York came into the shop and asked for some good-quality unredempted violin cases. He was a violin collector. They showed him the dead musician's violin and he recognized it at once. "He knew the instrument and he knew the musician," says Shortt. "When he was told the circumstances he gave the widow enough to redeem the instrument and have a good chunk of money left for herself."

Not such a happy ending befell one of the Canadian winners of the Diamond Sculls, the world's most coveted rowing award, competed for each year at the Royal Henley Regatta in England. He could not redeem his gem-encrusted trophy; it was broken up and the stones re-set in other pieces of jewelry. A well-known marathon swimmer pawned trophies at McTamney's, and more than one national cup or medal for track and field, and boxing, has ended up there.

Such transactions tell their own story. There are others that have the pawnbroker itching to ask a few questions, as in the case of the man who brings in a diamond ring about two or three times a year and borrows as much as four thousand dollars on it. For a long time it has been a routine chore of writing out the ticket and reaching for the bank notes when they see him come in the door. The ring is always redeemed and no one knows the reason for these sudden financial transactions.

A woman pawned fifteen hundred dollars' worth of jewels two winters ago, smilingly announced, "I'm going on a binge," and tripped gaily out of

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the store. Two months later the Customs office notified McTamney's that it was holding an emerald brooch for clearance. The brooch was addressed to the pawnshop. It was from the pleasure-bent lady, in Florida. She wanted another five hundred dollars. Although McTamney's will make loans on articles sent by post or express within Canada, and send redeemed articles to any address in this country, the company will not accept goods through Customs. McTamney's advised the Customs office to return the brooch. Two weeks later the lady turned up to redeem her earlier pledge. "And thanks for refusing the brooch," she said. "It's time I came home anyway."

McTamney's was once nonplussed by a man who brought in a surveyor's theodolite (an instrument for measuring angles) two or three times a year. The mystery was cleared up when he came back to redeem it after it had been left in pledge for almost a year. The clerk mentioned that he hoped the customer had not lost any surveying jobs by having had to leave it in so long. "I'm not a surveyor, I'm a taxi driver," the customer volunteered. "Saw it in a store window once and went nuts over it. Had to save for a long time, but I got it. Interesting thing to have around."

There are customers to whom McTamney's is simply a convenient place to store their valuables. Some pledge their winter coats in the spring and redeem them in the fall. Others leave in jewelry for years at a time, keeping up payments on their tickets but never withdrawing their property. Several such items have been in McTamney's vaults for more than fifteen years.

Pawnbrokers are not compelled by law to issue a new ticket each year and keep a borrower's goods in storage. But McTamney's—and most other Canadian brokers—will allow a borrower to renew a pledge if he pays up the interest each year. McTamney's gives a borrower a month's grace at the end of the year, then mails him notification of expiry. Following that, the store holds the goods another four weeks before putting them on sale. Even when articles are placed in the shop's retail showcases, cards bearing the numbers that correspond to the pawn-ticket number are left on them. If a borrower should appear before his article has been sold, he may redeem it from the retail section.

McTamney's advises a customer who loses his ticket to get to the pawnshop by all the short cuts he knows. If the finder has not already redeemed the merchandise, the customer will be given a new ticket, with a new number, after supplying proof of identity. If the finder reaches the shop first and gets away with the pledged article, there is nothing the customer or the pawnbroker can do except chase him, and it's generally too late by then for that.

Although the pawnbroker must depend on his own judgment to protect himself against accepting stolen goods, the number of stolen articles brought to a pawnshop is becoming smaller all the time. Even the least ambitious crook is usually aware that the police receive a daily list of all goods left at a pawnshop. Most municipalities license pawnbrokers and require them to provide such lists or forfeit their licenses. The police check descriptions of all goods reported stolen against these daily lists.

During the first six months of 1955 the Toronto police asked to examine only twenty-six articles out of thirty thousand pawned at McTamney's, and in regard to all but eight of the twenty-six found no reason to continue the investigation. In all eight cases where

the goods were proved to have been stolen, the owners repaid McTamney's the amount of the loan and recovered their goods.

Few pawnbrokers in Canada are charged with receiving stolen goods these days. McTamney's has never been so charged. Although the broker may innocently take in a stolen article, it can still be recovered without payment in most provinces if the owner takes legal action to prove his title to the goods in civil court. This involves engaging a lawyer, loss of time and other factors which induce most people to pay the pawnbroker and be done with it. A Toronto crown attorney, while explaining this to me, said, "You're thinking it is a bit harsh for a man to have to pay a pawnbroker to get his own possessions back. Well, that's the way it usually works out." Of course, if a stolen article is located in a pawnshop and the thief is caught, he and the article are brought into police court and, if a conviction is registered, the court orders the goods restored to the rightful owner and the pawnbroker receives no compensation.

The uncles don't haggle

McTamney's assumes that in most cases the customer is honest but not above making the best bargain he can. When one enters one of the little cubicles at the rear of McTamney's shop to offer an article for a loan, his natural opening is, "How much can I have on this?" The clerk counters with, "How much will help you out?" It is an inflexible rule with pawnbrokers the world over to have the customer name his figure first. It gives the broker a working figure on which to base his offer. If the amount asked by the customer suits the pawnbroker, the ticket is made out and the money handed over without further parley. If it is too high the broker offers the nearest amount he feels he can come to. A brief skirmish may follow but the customer will always have to accept something very close to the broker's offer. If the customer's figure

is low, the broker says nothing and makes out a ticket. Prolonged haggling is rare in McTamney's.

The only way a pawnbroker can learn to appraise merchandise is by experience. The Shortt brothers have learned a lot since they entered the business twenty-nine years ago. McTamney's clerks are in varying stages of competence as appraisers, depending on how long they have been working at it. All loan applications on precious stones are referred to the Shortts, or to Cunningham or Webb. Most others on the staff can handle watches—for which there are only four or five standard movements—cameras, radios and all other articles that come their way. "It's just a matter of common sense," Maurice Shortt says, adding quickly, "—and experience."

No one knows better than he how valuable experience is. One Saturday afternoon soon after he took over the business, a customer came in with a stone that glowed with all the fires of the Kohinoor diamond itself. The diamond expert Shortt had engaged was taking an afternoon off, so the new boss was on his own. The customer wanted five hundred dollars. Shortt did the best he could. He scratched the stone against glass. It cut the glass as a diamond should. He rubbed carborundum on the stone and this didn't cloud its flawless beauty one iota. Still cautious, Shortt told the customer he would give him one hundred dollars and, if McTamney's gem expert approved, he would give the remaining four hundred dollars on Monday when the gemologist would be back on duty. The customer agreed, with just the right amount of hesitation, and pocketed the money. On Monday the gemologist identified the stone as a fair sort of zircon, worth about ten dollars.

Shortt was to take a further beating. When he placed the zircon on sale a year later (a loan had been made and a ticket issued, therefore it had to be kept in the vault a year), with a ten-dollar price tag on it, the first buyer who showed any interest offered to

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toss a coin to see if he should pay twenty dollars or nothing. Shortt lost the toss. Such unorthodox business methods have been frowned upon ever since.

Nor does McTamney's lend money any more on anything that can't be brought to the shop. During the war Maurice Shortt lent twenty-five hundred dollars on a thirty-eight-foot cabin cruiser. "It was the only collateral a stockbroker could put up for a loan," he recalls. "I looked it over. It floated, had engines and the brass was shiny. So I gave him the loan." A few months

later the stockbroker was in a Pennsylvania prison, and he was still there when the ticket expired. Shortt gave the cruiser to the Canadian Navy.

With unredeemed merchandise arranged in showcases at the front of the shop, McTamney's resembles a well-stocked well-kept jewelry shop. From velvet-lined trays a customer can select anything from a watch (reconditioned by McTamney's staff of four watch-makers) or a dollar birthstone to a ten-thousand-dollar diamond, ruby, emerald or sapphire. Wall cabinets display cameras, rare pieces of china

and porcelain—Rockingham, Dresden, Sèvres, Limoges—and gleaming silverware. A constant flurry of activity surrounds the central cash desk, to which money flows from the retail counters up front, and from which money issues to the pledging counter, divided into cubicles so that clerks and customers may conduct their business with some privacy.

Beyond the pawn section is a large showroom to which shoppers are admitted through a door kept locked when not in use. In this room are the bulkier articles that have not been redeemed—everything from sewing machines to kiddy-cars.

The huge vault where watches, jewelry and the costlier cameras are stored is also on the ground floor, just back of the cubicles. At the present time this vault contains forty-one thousand watches, rings and other items of jewelry, and more than three hundred still and movie cameras. And on the remaining three floors of the building are long rows of shelves stacked with another twelve thousand cameras, radios, sewing machines, musical instruments, vacuum cleaners, typewriters, electric razors, portable power tools, golf sets and outboard motors. A cold-storage vault on the top floor holds more than a thousand articles of clothing.

McTamney's, which never runs out of borrowers, never runs out of purchasers either. And all the buyers are not patronizing a pawnshop because they can't afford to buy on Yonge Street. A former lieutenant-governor of Ontario dropped in to McTamney's one Christmas and bought a fifteen-hundred-dollar brooch. Four mayors of the city have been customers. The president of one of the largest home-appliance firms in the country is a steady customer. He bought his engagement ring there many years ago because he couldn't afford to go anywhere else, and success and riches haven't altered his opinion of McTamney's.

If you want to pawn a gem

The reason for pawnshop bargains is obvious. McTamney's lends up to twenty-five percent of the retail value of an article if it is in practically new condition. The same percentage of retail value is lent on good-quality stones of modern cut and in modern settings. Inferior stones, and merchandise that too obviously has had some wear, have a much lower loan value. McTamney's retail markup runs from sixty to seventy-five percent of the shop's "costs." Thus, a diamond that sold originally for one thousand dollars would be worth a loan of about two hundred and fifty. If unredeemed, the amount of the loan, plus fourteen months' interest, would bring the total cost price to just over three hundred dollars. A markup of seventy-five percent would make the McTamney price tag about five hundred and fifty dollars. According to the Shortts' arithmetic the price of an identical diamond at any other retail shop (except another pawnbroker's) would still be one thousand dollars.

The maximum loan of twenty-five percent of original value is not actually the limit at McTamney's. The Shortts have lent as much as a third of the value on some flawless precious stones, but that would be the absolute top. A borrower may naturally wonder why most individual loans are not higher, with a consequent higher interest appreciation for the broker. Earl Shortt explains it candidly: "We have to think of the ten percent of goods that are unredeemed. If loans were higher, our markup on these goods would have to be higher, bringing them close to

the 'new' retail price and thus lessening the attraction of buying at a pawnshop. And if loans were higher many people would be unable to redeem their goods. It is twice as easy for a man to redeem a watch at five dollars plus interest than at ten dollars plus interest. Smaller loans mean a larger volume of redeemed goods."

This policy is as time-honored as the Pawnbrokers' Act itself. It has been the rule at McTamney's since the firm was started back in the nineteenth century. James McTamney, the founder, was a pawnbroker's clerk in Toronto nearly sixty years ago. He bought out the boss. He also bought up a pawnshop next door to the one where he learned the business, and in 1916 he moved the new business to its present location on downtown Church Street. When McTamney died in 1927 the management of the firm fell to his son-in-law, Maurice Shortt, who had been with the sales department of a roller-bearing company.

Maurice persuaded brother Earl to abandon a selling job in Montreal and join him. With Webb and Cunningham enlisted for technical guidance, McTamney's zoomed to its present size. It is still growing. The Shortts are dickering for the building next door, which will give them more storage space. TV sets, bulky things to store, are crowding them now.

Storing TV sets may worry the modern pawnbroker, but his is a business that has seen little basic change since it began three thousand years ago in China. The ancient Chinese broker allowed his borrowers three years to redeem their goods, and the maximum interest rate was three percent a year. Borrowers had it even better in Italy and the Mediterranean area generally during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Pawnshops were run by the Roman Catholic Church as charity institutions (*monti di pietà*—charity banks) and no interest at all was charged. The church couldn't afford that very long and in 1464 the pope allowed the charity banks to charge a maximum seven and one quarter percent a year.

Today few countries are without pawnbrokers in their larger cities. Even Thailand, which was without an "Uncle" for centuries, licensed its first one in Bangkok three years ago. The first customer was a former cabinet minister who hocked his suit for eight dollars.

The normal flow of goods at McTamney's is "in" at the back of the shop and "out" at the front; at least the unredeemed ten percent go back into the world via the retail section. It took an unknown but unforgotten operator to reverse that process one black Saturday a few months ago. A small adding machine had stood for years on the retail showcase, near the pledging booths. It was used to total the day's receipts. On this particular day Maurice Shortt couldn't find the adding machine at closing time and his enquiries soon brought forth a new clerk who stammered out the information that he had made a loan on an adding machine that afternoon. Before a hushed staff he retrieved the machine and sure enough it was the shop property which had always stood on the counter.

"That some low-life should snatch the thing right off our counter was bad enough," Maurice Shortt relates, "but that he should take it to the back end of the store and get a loan on it..." ★

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

Blake hitchhiked north by stagecoach and boat from Cohoes, N.Y., and said he wanted to be a doctor. (In return, Americans have contributed generously to the support of a university depending on private endowment for its existence and receiving less than ten percent of its income from any government source.)

Today McGill's internationalism is not confined to the U. S. Strolling across its campus recently I caught the gleam of a sari, the scarlet spot of a fez, the white twist of a turban. While I would doubtless see these under the elms of other Canadian alma maters—University of Toronto and University of British Columbia, for instance—this one was mine. I had walked this green-sward off Sherbrooke Street, listened to the American voices on the marble steps of the Medical Building, gone tea dancing with a boy from Nebraska. When I did, twenty-five years ago, I was the complete cosmopolite. Now, peering wide-eyed through bifocals at Greek, Bulgarian, Hindu, I knew how small my world had been. McGill's enrollment now numbers men and women from every province in the dominion, every state in the union, every country in the British commonwealth and forty-nine others as well. Why? What brings them here?

A big heart and good whisky

The answer lies not in statistics. This is not Canada's largest university—6,500 students against Toronto's 11,600—nor is it the oldest. King's College in Halifax was founded in 1789. It is not the wealthiest; its whole history has been a financial struggle for life. It is certainly not the most beautiful, with buildings erected as they were needed and ranging from Greek through Gothic to split-level modern. But there is something about it—what? Atmosphere, tradition, achievement? The more practical considerations of low fees in a private university—\$600 yearly in medicine, \$350 in arts, \$450 in engineering? Small classes, a high standard of teaching, the close relation between student and staff? All these—and something more. The indefinable spirit that is McGill.

If that spirit could assume shape it would, I think, be a benevolent elderly gentleman, a trifle eccentric, a little crotchety at times, but with a heart as wide as the world for youth. He would be a bachelor—or if married, negligibly so—and would pour his frustrated fatherhood on every student who came his way. He would carry a turnip watch that never kept time and would wear clothes as though he'd forgotten to button them. He would teach Shakespeare so you saw him, and the Punic Wars so you took sides. He would smell of tobacco and chemicals, with a possible downwind of good whisky. This portrait, I hasten to add, bears no resemblance to anyone living or dead. Yet, in a way, it is a composite of all the McGill professors I ever knew.

They are gone now, those giants of the early Thirties. Waugh, who made history a living thing; McMillan, whose English II either broke a freshman or prepared him for study at McGill; Leacock, who varied the teaching of economics with the humor that gave him a place in Canadian hearts. I remember him well, a brown shaggy man with a brown shaggy dog the janitor refused to allow in the Arts Building.

I remember other things too: yellow slickers and coonskin coats, Stutz roadsters and the annual Meds Ball where the anatomical exhibits were no more pickled than certain embryo doctors. Coffee at Murray's with the first cup costing a nickel and the rest on the house. The Red and White Revue at His Majesty's Theatre, the hard slugging in the Redpath Library until 2 a.m. with spring exams lowering. The hangover of Scottish Calvinism that made coeds wear flapping black gowns over gym tunics and forget what a geisha could do with a kimono. The inexorable process of weeding out and the abrupt departure of "Christmas graduates." The aftermath of the Depression, and the kindness of the dean when I told him I had to leave—like thousands of others.

I never went back, until last fall.

Just what middle-aged impulse made me turn through the Roddick gates I'll never quite know. It may have been yearning for the past. It may have been the future and two sons rapidly approaching college age. Being English-speaking Montrealers, they will never consider going anywhere else. What, I wondered, would they find of my Old McGill? The answer in immediate and concrete terms is, "Very little."

When they become students at McGill my children will discover few landmarks I knew. The founder still sleeps in the green triangle outside the Arts Building. The original Union still stands on Sherbrooke Street, smelling of old sneakers and providing space in its depths for the production of the oldest college daily in the commonwealth. (When I was there two of the ink-stained wretches laboring over the press were Lionel Shapiro, now a best-selling novelist, and Jimmy Manion, now with the Department of Commerce at Ottawa.) They will also find the same gentle kindness, the same dour emphasis on hard work, and less intellectual spoon-feeding than they ever had in their life. Apart from that, everything I remember has gone with the cold wind of progress. Nothing stands still in this world, least of all McGill.

Academically speaking, the undergraduate will find himself in a great centre of science, a great tradition of the liberal arts, and a medical school rated among the top three on this continent by many experts. He will be encouraged to think for himself and to assume leadership in the country he came from. Socially, he will rub shoulders with the world, form lifelong friendships and have a good time. If his idea of this runs to panty raids or braining someone with a bottle at a football game, he'd better go somewhere else. The out-of-towner will live in a boarding or fraternity house, a private home or Douglas Hall—if he's lucky. (The newly opened male residence boasts a suite for every student, a front door open all night and a waiting list for two years.)

A woman student away from home will have no problem. She automatically becomes a paying guest at the venerable pile on Sherbrooke Street known as the Royal Victoria College, the same building but a far cry from where I leaned out of the windows to smoke. She will live with girls from Winnipeg, New Jersey and Pakistan, and will occupy a single room at seven hundred dollars a year, including board. She may bring a beau home for dinner any night she chooses and will observe such old-fashioned courtesies as standing outside the dining room until the faculty members have entered. She will be mothered, counseled and receive free medical care, as do all students at McGill. If she needs money she can borrow from the



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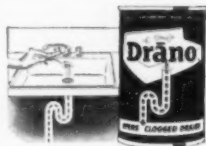


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A McGill man is not asked to act like a gentleman—he is expected to be one

Students' Loan and pay back after she leaves. And she will sleep in a dainty chintz-curtained bedroom, smoke in a luxurious lounge and dine like a queen where we, her predecessors, rattled around in musty paneling, smuggled cigarettes like marijuana and ate sandwiches in the basement. Remembering all this, I sat with my mouth open while girls in silks and saris and British tweeds told me about *their* McGill.

It was, they said, terrific. They liked its wonderful teachers (my old gentleman is still around), its internationalism, its restrained but completely satisfactory good fun. From Toronto: "I'm glad I came here. My best friend's a West Indian, tonight's date is a boy from South Carolina, and the Montrealers are grand. I've learned more about *people* than I ever would living at home." From Chicago: "My father's a Canadian. When I wanted to study medicine, he wouldn't let me go anywhere else." From a sweet-faced brown girl with the scarlet caste mark on her forehead: "At McGill, people think cleanly."

Do they? I don't know. I only know the pessimism of the Thirties is gone, the apathy, the self-searching and soul-probing for Why Are We Here, What Is It All For. McGill, like Canada, is moving in a straight line toward the future, pioneering new frontiers, developing new industries, contributing her full share to East and West. It has opened new graduate schools in education, social work, fine arts, to name a few; new institutes in Arctic research, pulp and paper, Islamic studies. It has imported the first faculty member of the Azhar in Cairo, centre of orthodox Islamic learning, ever to teach in a Western university. And if a lawyer wants to become an expert on aviation he will come to the Institute of International Air Law, the only one on this continent.

In spite of all these departures, there is something as English as tea and crumpets about McGill. Fraternities have flourished for almost half a century but were frowned on as un-Oxonian until they received official recognition this year. In this McGill maintained the English attitude of not seeing anything it didn't want to. When fond alumni refer to Old McGill, they are not using the term in a sense of antiquity but rather with that shattering of British reserve which calls you "Old Thing" or "Old Bean," the ultimate in comradely affection.

An undergraduate is not asked, but expected, to dress and behave like a gentleman. He will also attend a reasonable percentage of his classes. If he runs into financial difficulties he may apply for a student loan or one of the six hundred scholarships and bursaries awarded each year. Placement will find him part-time work and is often ingenious. When a dear old soul phoned for a carpenter, placement sent a mechanical engineer. Last year a hundred undergraduates spent pre-Easter vacation in a Montreal bakery, stamping the crosses on hot-cross buns.

The undergraduate will also indulge in compulsory sports. For this purpose he will find at his disposal a track, a swimming pool with room for eight hundred spectators, eleven squash courts, boxing, fencing and wrestling rooms, and the largest gymnasium in Canada with space for twelve badminton, five volleyball and two full collegiate-size basketball courts. (The latter game got its name from the peach baskets used as goals when a McGill

man, James Naismith, originated it in Springfield, Mass., in 1891. Skiing is traditional and the annual winter carnival features hockey, ski meets in the fast Laurentian hills sixty miles away, ice sculpture outside the fraternity houses and a torchlight parade across Mount Royal. The whole city joins in the fun, concluding with a blaze of fireworks and the crowning of a campus queen by M'sieu le Maire in the Montreal Forum.

The football story is not so happy; McGill hasn't won a championship since 1938. Opinion is divided, with the official one frowning on subsidization and articulate alumni rooting for some form of painless finance to attract the good player. In 1952 the university asked the graduates' committee of the Athletics Loan Fund to wind up operations of that fund "which, although free from any taint of subsidization of athletes, has aroused widespread suspicion." What has happened since is anybody's guess but the old sinews were flexing last fall and McGill almost upset the collegiate apple cart.

Its magnificent stadium donated by the Molson family—a name large in its history—has witnessed nearly forty years of Canadian football, including the home games of today's professional Alouettes. This is only right and fitting since McGill assisted at the accouchement of modern football when it played Harvard in 1874. Americans then played soccer, Canadians rugby. Two games were played at Cambridge: the first under Harvard rules was won by Harvard 3-0; the second under McGill rules ended in a scoreless tie. Americans took to the idea of running with the ball and over the years developed their present game. Canadians clung closer to the original rugby but made their own changes.

A pocketful of goldfish

Montreal is sentimental about McGill. Town and gown are bound by its graduates—doctors, lawyers, teachers, dentists, ministers and top-flight executives. ("Why go away to university when we've got it all here?") The sentiment is not confined to English-speaking citizens. In a community where French outnumber others three to one, the Gallic spirit glows with pride and honors heaped on McGill are so many pats on the civic shoulder. Even the cops are kind. If a student gets into trouble, he is usually brought quietly home. If the trouble is bad, a red-faced gendarme holds a whispered conference with campus authorities. The only arrest rumored in my time was that of an elderly professor discovered near the gates in the small hours of a wintry morning, well fortified with whisky and down on his hands and knees in the snow. To the policeman who asked what he was doing, he courteously explained he was looking for goldfish. He was too. He'd brought three of his hostess' ailing pets home in a wet handkerchief from a dinner party and forgot them when he took out the handkerchief to wipe his spectacles. He was booked as a suspicious character and bailed out by the dean—or so the story goes.

English-speaking Montreal supports McGill generously—with money, land bequests, summer jobs, private homes thrown open to students. (In return the campus is a blaze of light at night with a hundred and fifty courses open for adult education.) French-speaking students are more attracted to the

University of Montreal but there is co-operation between the two universities—particularly in law and medicine—and the provincial government has made substantial grants to both, to McGill as a whole and to its great hospital-school-laboratory, the Montreal Neurological Institute.

This is Montreal's medical Kohinor, an eight-story building in Scottish baronial located on upper University Street close to the Royal Victoria Hospital, Allan Memorial Institute (psychiatry) and the medical school. The MNI serves as a clearing house for desperate cases of brain injury, accident and disease. In a typical year twenty-eight percent of its patients came from Montreal, twenty-six percent from the rest of the province, thirty-one percent from the rest of Canada, thirteen percent from the U. S. and two percent from other countries. It is also a training school in neurosurgery for graduate nurses and doctors, and its present Fellows come from Columbia, Laval, Kansas, Duke, Beirut, Shanghai, Venezuela, London, Aberdeen and Harvard—to name a few. Its clinical and laboratory facilities are unparalleled anywhere.

Twenty-four years ago the Rockefeller Foundation offered one million dollars to endow brain research at McGill, provided the associated hospital received local support. This provision has been met by wealthy citizens, Montreal itself and provincial grant. Its spirit of dedication is embodied in the superb statue of Nature unveiling herself to Science which stands in its entrance hall. Nature—and the mysteries of the human brain!

"Before us," said Dr. Wilder Penfield, director, world figure and recipient of Her Majesty's rare Order of Merit, "lie the unsolved problems of the nervous system, problems that have to do with the secrets of body and mind; and perhaps some day and in some way we may discover that solution of these problems may throw a little light on the nature of the soul." Meanwhile, the institute is throwing new light on the mechanism of the brain, pioneering new discoveries in illnesses like epilepsy and multiple sclerosis.

For McGill is intensely practical. Everything from polar studies at the Arctic Institute of North America, to marine biology at the Bellairs Institute in the Barbados, from urban planning to the human body under psychological stress, is put to immediate use. A development in the Pulp and Paper Research Institute will benefit the whole industry—four of its directors are presidents of large Canadian corporations. A leather-bound study on municipalities and trade unions will go to Ottawa, another on monetary theory to the head office of a Canadian bank. This practicality extends over the whole campus. When the Radiation Laboratory needed a cyclotron, the staff and students built it at one tenth the commercial cost. When the Redpath Museum demanded a rare autopsy, its curator of zoology did it. (He now claims to be the only moose mortician in the world.) When the psychology lab called for human guinea pigs to be locked in small compartments for a week—without light, without sound but with twenty dollars a day—they were mowed down by the undergraduate rush.

Exiled Scots are a breed rational about everything except Scotland, and they laid a heavy hand on McGill. The founder was a partner in the North-West Company, a vast fur-trading organization. Having made his pile in the uncharted north, James McGill retired to Burnside, his country estate outside Montreal's walls, where he

tended his meadows, planted orchards and "this day cut a dozen melons & all of them good." After he died in 1813, McGill left forty-six acres and ten thousand pounds sterling for the formation of a university. But he set a ten-year time limit on the gift. The will was bitterly contested by his French-Canadian stepsons and precious years slipped by. Four Montreal doctors from Edinburgh came to the rescue in 1829 by affiliating their medical institute with the nonexistent college, thus establishing McGill and the faculty that gave it glory. By 1871 the uni-

versity had stumbled through vicissitude, acquired a formidable student body and erected an Arts Building where classes were also held in science.

Now the spirit of McGill began to emerge in its donors, its buildings, its staff. William Dawson, its principal, taught geology, envisioned a great hub of Canadian learning, and was not above climbing three flights of board-inghouse stairs in his seventies to assure a sick student he'd pass. Well-heeled Montreals like the Molsons (beer) and Redpaths (sugar) sent their sons and were generous. In 1871 two

students, engaged in one of the endless financial campaigns, bearded the shy eccentric little bachelor who headed the Macdonald tobacco empire. To their surprise, Sir William Christopher Macdonald responded with a handsome contribution and found an interest for life.

Born of Highland stock in Prince Edward Island, this unusual benefactor laid the foundation of a fortune in plug tobacco during the American Civil War. He went on to millions, closeted in a dingy office on Notre Dame Street and conducting his



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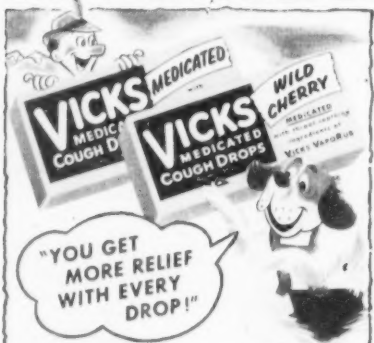
"Drier too?" asked the writer.

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business strictly for cash. The tight fist opened for McGill and, once opened, never closed. It poured out fifteen million dollars; buildings mushroomed under golden rain. Believing firmly that a nation's strength came from its farms, its homes and its schools, Sir William established the daughter college that bears his name at Ste. Anne de Bellevue, twenty miles from Montreal, and founded separate faculties for agriculture, household science and teaching. To McGill he gave land, the Students' Union, and an entire east block for chemistry, mining and physics. He endowed chairs, established scholarships and ran like a startled fawn when anyone tried to thank him. And as the years closed in on this tobacco king who never smoked, he was wont to wander the campus by night, reflecting perhaps—like Mr. Chips—on the thousands of sons a childless old man could leave behind.

McGill was on its way. In 1872 a slim dark-eyed son of an Ontario manse graduated in medicine to become "The Baby Professor." His students adored him, as did all who ever knew him. William Osler had a gift for life, a joy he wore like a shining cloak through toil and grief and the years. The stories about him are legends at McGill. How he gave his only overcoat to a seedy beggar and two weeks later received it back with a hob-nailed liver bequeathed to "my good friend William Osler." How he comforted a patient in the wards with "You poor Scotch body, thole it a bit now. Thole it," and saw her smile through her tears. ("Oh sir, I hanna heerd sic talk since I parted frae Edinboro', bless ye.") How he could never resist a child. How he came from death, whistling "that I may not weep." William Osler, who went on to Johns Hopkins, Baltimore, and Oxford, and became the Beloved Physician.

In 1896 the school board in Vancouver applied for affiliation with McGill under the Public Schools Act of British Columbia. McGill granted the affiliation as it had already done for three Quebec colleges, Morrin, Stanstead Wesleyan and St. Francis. A few years later the affiliation was extended beyond matriculation to first and second year arts. By 1908 the McGill College of Vancouver was firmly established with ninety pupils, a staff of eight and McGill supplying financial footing. From these humble beginnings sprang the separate and distinct UBC, which now rivals McGill in size.

By 1910 the mother of colleges had set her own build-as-you-need style of architecture and planted a forest of Greek temples, Gothic cathedrals and Victorian fortresses north of Montreal's Sherbrooke Street. Its peculiar providence continued to smile with the combination that has never failed it—a faculty with enthusiasm plus public-spirited citizens with money. Walter Stewart (Macdonald Tobacco) and J. W. McConnell (Montreal Star) carry on the princely tradition, and the Graduates' Society—with fifty-three branches across the world—receives money regularly from such contributors as Jacob Viner of Princeton, Hume Cronyn of Broadway, five Canadian ambassadors and a judge of the supreme court; bishops, bankers, cabinet ministers, and John Williamson, Tanganyika's diamond king.

McGill's principals too were a varied lot and the job seemed prescribed ambassadorial training: Sir Auckland Geddes left in 1920 to represent Britain in Washington; Lewis W. Douglas left in 1940 and was later ambassador to Britain. Diplomacy suffered a setback in my time; the principal, Sir Arthur Currie, who led the Canadian



forces during World War I, had no way with words but brimstone. When a distinguished scholar replied in eloquent Latin to his memorized speech for the honorary degree, Currie won the skirmish with "Pax vobiscum!" Old Guts and Gaiters, he was called in a scurrilous poem circulated through the Faculty Club. It took a good soldier to march the university through the Depression.

Revisiting the campus of one's youth can be a saddening experience, a disillusionment. For me it was neither but rather the rediscovery of certain small quiet voices I first heard here. The Arts Building, my particular bailiwick commanding the main avenue, has not changed much in twenty-five years—or a century. A melee of students surges out to the steps as the clock strikes the hour. In the milling hall a notice board proclaims an evening of Polish song, a program of sixteenth-century music. Someone has lost his rubbers. The Players' Club is "doing" Hedda Gabler and a more arty group tackles Musset's Marianne. A solemn-faced freshette is selling the Fig Leaf, which she assures me is "a new magazine dedicated to humor." (How do they get that way at eighteen?) A student organization is sponsoring Culture. Another has resurrected Peter Lorre in M, a classic silent film. The hubbub fades, the flame-shaped torches blur in their sconces, and I can almost see Stephen Leacock through murky brown shadows.

How much beer in the cellar?

Leacock. My old gentleman in the flesh, who taught economics and political science but rarely mentioned either. Canada's greatest humorist and a character out of his books. As with Osler, there are a thousand stories about him. How he would allow only an honor student to hold his dreadful dog outside the building when Bill Gentleman, custodian, refused it admittance. How he involved the whole mathematics department in an abstruse problem until they discovered it related the cubic space of his cellar to beer. How he talked to us about everything under the sun, revealing the glittering facets of a mind that never forgot anything it read, opening up vista after vista of enchantment while one thing led to another. How he clung to a strict policy of *laissez-faire* and, when the dean informed him the entire graduate class had failed because 60—not 40—was the pass mark, replied with a brief note, "After careful revision, I have discovered all these gentlemen obtained 60, not 40!"

Are there still humanists at McGill? I think so, but outlined in fluorescent light instead of a yellow shaft through a dusty window, wearing correct dark suits instead of the shapeless tweeds I remember. In this free air the belief that the world exists for man and not man for the world cannot help but flourish. I found the credo everywhere. In Dr. Cyril James, its principal, who stresses the McGill aim toward the well-rounded individual. I found the belief in student zip, in research enthusiasm, in minds marching ahead, with hope, with faith and good cheer. I found it in Dr. Penfield's statement when he flew to Moscow for lectures before the Soviet Academy. "In the field of the brain there can be no narrow interests or prejudice. Any discovery must benefit all mankind."

Whether Rutherford's discoveries fifty years ago fall in this class remains to be seen. Certainly they are not forgotten in the Physics Building which, like all Macdonald's gifts, was built of the best, in this case, copper. Copper nails, copper sheathing—and "dead Ernest" (later the Rt. Hon. Lord Rutherford, Cavendish Professor at Cambridge) experimenting with alpha radiation on equipment he improvised for three hundred dollars. Today a modest plaque outside the building records his achievement. Inside a Geiger counter still registers activity—which has faded to one fifth what it was in 1904—and certain experiments must be done elsewhere.

Science has sprawled out from its original block like a giant amoeba ingesting everything north to the mountain. The Donner Building for Medical Research, the Eaton Electronics Laboratory, the Radiation Laboratory and Cyclotron, the Physical Sciences Centre—all are new since my day. In them I found the same sparkling optimism (which did not prevent my being discreetly screened), the same warm feeling for McGill.

In the radiation lab: "It's the most truly international university on the continent. In research McGill puts the money and emphasis where it will count and draws lines. A project in one graduate faculty doesn't have to overlap another faculty. This makes for independence of spirit and is a godsend to the department head."

In physical sciences: "We've got about a thousand engineers using the centre. Yes, they're different from the ones twenty years ago. They don't seem to have to learn everything the hard way. Maybe it helps to mix them up with Moslem and Hindu, Ethiopian and Turk—with a leader of French resistance teaching class."

I walked through the glory of fall, thinking over all I'd seen. The kids themselves, fresh-faced, roaring around with youth busting out all over, yet with a purpose that scared me. The dearth of rich men's sons—oh, there are still scions of wealthy families, the snazzy sports cars in the parking lots, but no one pays much attention. The playboy I knew with his own rented house, his own staff including a valet, wouldn't cut as big a swath now as the University Scholar with a consistent eighty percent. The razzle-dazzle seems to have faded from the fraternities.

I had tea in the bowels of the Redpath Museum while Indian relics, ethnological collections and Palaeozoic fossils—all beautifully displayed—drew crowds upstairs. The staff discussed murals and cycloramic lighting for the new North-West Company exhibit, and I kept on remembering the show-piece of my time. A four-foot eel that disappeared from its murky tank in the main hall until a University Street landlady required emergency treatment for shock after finding it in her bath.

The Redpath Library has been extended and streamlined to house a million and a quarter volumes, including Sir E. K. Chambers' Shakespeare collection, Canada's finest William Blake library, and the largest gathering of Lincolniana outside the United States. Smocked attendants scurry at your behest; 650 students can read in a variety of rooms, with chairs kind to their backs and light that considers their eyes. (My generation didn't have backs or eyes. We just had faces.) With deep inarticulate sentiment, McGill has installed a special room for my old gentleman. Leacock has never really left the campus but I think he approves the paneling from his own library, his books, his worn pipe, the familiar tobacco jar close to his hand.

Divinity is around the corner on McTavish Street with colleges for Anglican and United while the Presbyterian stands firmly apart, rock-ribbed, Gothic-arched and with the smoke of Auld Reekie clinging invisibly to its ramparts. The college is affiliated with the university but a burr informed me it has its own professors, its own courses, grants its own degrees and holds its own convocation. If that isn't the spirit that made McGill, what is?

All along McTavish, millionaires' mansions have been converted into laboratories. The same thing is happening on surrounding streets, inundated by fluid growth and this thundering wave of vitality.

Dusk muted autumnal flame as I came again to the gates and turned for another look at the campus. (And if these looks have been a little starry, a little blurred, please forgive me. This is my alma mater, as another may be yours.) Beside its daughter college, Macdonald—with spreading acres, gold of willows, brown of stone and red roofs blending into October haze—there is nothing beautiful here. Nothing but time, kindness. The intensely personal quality that binds all who knew it with what they have shared—the rustle of elms in lamplight, laughter through an open window, the sudden sharp stabbing realization of a meaning to life, the glory of blood surging through veins.

My old gentleman.

Crackling optimism. A belief in essential goodness. The wisdom of experience. Something called love.

Whatever the future holds for McGill, these things will never change. They are as old as truth, as deep as the roots, as fresh as a wind on the heather.

A good place, this, for my sons to find the strength of their country and manhood. ★

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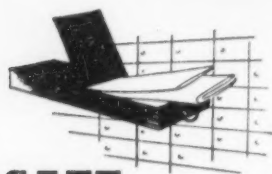
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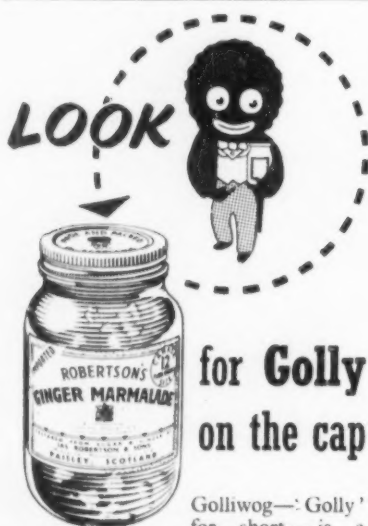
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MADE AND PACKED IN SCOTLAND

Bruce Hutchison rediscovers Nova Scotia

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

use it to house Canada's first responsible government and go on to invent a private myth more durable than any public institution.

Halifax has been called dingy, foggy and dank by those who have seen it only in the winter, and most likely from a hotel window at a convention of hardware salesmen. One spring morning will answer that old slander.

The sun, making its first landfall on the Canadian mainland, blazes across Bedford Basin as down a burnished gun barrel. It glints on a stone jungle of domes and spires, sets the fat old Citadel aglaze, checks the time on the Duke of Kent's leering town clock and rouges the round toadstool of his bandstand. It warms up the stiff wooden bones of St. Paul's, repaints the blossom of the public gardens, reglazes the bronze face of Cornwallis, re-etches the wrinkles of Barrington Street and repolishes the carved marble sea shells on the mantelshelf of Joseph Howe's office. Then it peers through the fanlight windows of a thousand ancient houses and sparkles on their littered heirlooms of glass and mahogany, bringing another day to a people who have lived through many since 1749.

Or if the sea turns angry and the fog is rolling in, the ships moaning, the gulls screeching and the salt spray blowing from the east, even the dullest landlubber can catch the whiff of high adventure and the memories of an indestructible race.

Halifax has been called obsolete, slow and bumbling. Yet in countless earlier wars, and in the two world wars of our time, its swarming harbor has never been captured. Even when leveled by explosion, Halifax has never failed Canada and the commonwealth as the strategic key to the north Atlantic. It loads and unloads the goods of peace and (though no one seems to notice) never ceases to grow.

Halifax has been called backward, conservative and humdrum but you will find more ideas, more debate, more learning and clear thinking here in one day than most Canadian cities can supply in a month.

These people were always compelled to think if they were to survive. Their thoughts emerged in Howe, Tupper, Fielding, Borden, Ralston, Isley and Macdonald, among others; in ferocious politics, ribald folklore and teeming legendry; in the scholarship of Dalhousie's lawyers and the sly wisdom of Haliburton's Sam Slick; and—let us never forget it—in the essential Atlantic ingredient of Confederation.

The outside of this town is deceptive and more deceptive still the outside of its people.

An antique look was impressed on Halifax by Kent's pudgy finger and the Gallic fancy of his mistress, Julie de St. Laurent, before he was called home to beget Queen Victoria. That look is only stone-deep.

Let the stranger sit for one evening under the fluted ceilings and molded cornices of some Halifax home, let him listen to the casual talk of the dinner table and he will encounter minds as up-to-date and practical as any in Canada, together with a certain serenity and reverence for good things, good men and good living that most Canadians have yet to learn.

Or let him walk through the jumble of Barrington Street and, if he is lucky, he may meet a youngster, as I did,

gazing at the wooden tower of St. Paul's and catching his first vision of an unknown country.

This boy came from Vancouver; he was accustomed to a prodigal society and in the quiet of Dalhousie law school had found a new kind of life. The people of Halifax—first asking his politics and religion but careless of his heresies and ignorance—had taken him to their homes and hearts.

"These," he said, "are the best people in Canada. They've got something we never had—what, exactly, I don't know, but it makes you warm. They say everybody wants to leave this town and go west and get rich. Me, I'm going to stay. You can really live here."

I walked on to Province House, that chaste jewel box of the nation. There I found a profane and sentimental character who showed me the white legislative chamber and birthplace of responsible government, the ship's table on which Cornwallis' secret instructions were opened before he landed to found Halifax, Howe's inner sanctum, the well-charred fireplace that warmed him through many a night of loneliness and agony, the office where Premier Angus Macdonald gave his toil and finally his life to Nova Scotia.

These men and others like them, my guide said, still seemed to inhabit their old haunts.

"Why, sometimes," he confessed, blushing a little at his own irreverence, "when I'm working alone at night I can hear old Joe's footsteps in the hall, chasing some silk petticoat."

The coal mines are sick

Howe's successors are presently grappling with the latest version of an old problem, and their success or failure must involve the whole nation.

Nova Scotia lives in a poor land. It has been detached by political arrangement from its natural market and source of supply in the adjoining American states. It must haul its products all the way to central Canada and buy what it needs there at prices governed by the nation's protective tariff. All its commerce is distorted for national reasons by national policies.

Its hopes of 1867 have been disappointed while the hopes of the nation at large have been exceeded. Relatively, though of course not absolutely, it has declined with a long haemorrhage of emigration. Now it finds its vital coal industry of Cape Breton sick, like coal everywhere.

New national policies may ease or worsen Nova Scotia's problem. What, it asks, will be the effect of the St. Lawrence Seaway? Will it carry Nova Scotia's coal more cheaply to the interior or fill the central market with American coal hauled down the Lakes? Is it not even conceivable that when the St. Lawrence at last is fully used in summer it may some day be kept open all the year to the ruin of Halifax's busy winter port?

These are some of the questions argued in Nova Scotia and now being jointly tackled by the four Maritime neighbors in their Atlantic Provinces Economic Council. The nation should watch this hopeful experiment.

It might also listen to the Halifax industrialist who noted that the contract for a large government ferry boat to operate out of Yarmouth was awarded to a Quebec shipyard on competitive tenders. "That's okay," he said. "Ottawa has to think of the taxpayers. But supposing Quebec needed a ferry and the contract went to Nova Scotia, what would happen? Why, there'd be a riot!"

The current economic debate behind Nova Scotia's placid exterior splits its people into two clear factions that might be called the nostalgists and the moderns.

The nostalgist, as the modern sees him, is a weak man with a fixed inferiority complex, resigned to poverty, comforting himself with memories of the great days, long dead, when he should be facing the facts of the present and the problems of the future. He is such a man as the professor who, outraged because a journalist mentioned Howe's weakness for drink and women, cried out: "Canada has stolen our wealth, our institutions and our sons! Don't let her steal our heroes!"

The moderns say that dead heroes and old traditions will not revive the coal mines or support a growing population. They are determined to modernize Nova Scotia's industry, to improve its antiquated farm methods and concentrate agriculture on saleable crops, like meat and vegetables, now imported.

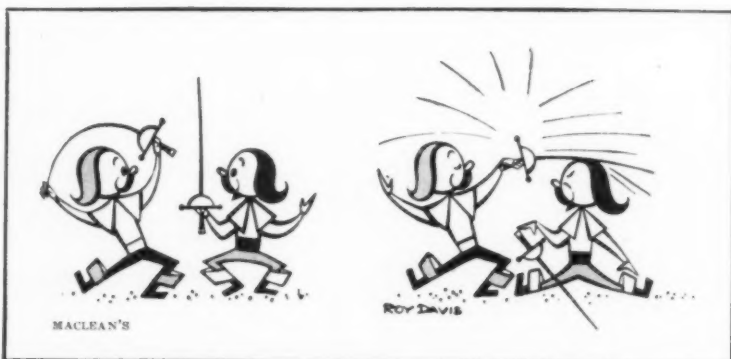
The nostalgists reluctantly accept the need of progress but fear that it may destroy certain human values and special ways of life more precious than prosperity.

The same debate between age and youth is latent everywhere. In Nova Scotia it is active, vocal and sometimes bitter.

The veteran scholar who opened his tiny office and spacious mind to me was not fooled by the exaggerations on both sides. Sure, he said, the younger men would rebuild the economy but they couldn't alter some basic facts.

"We can support," he said, "only a limited population on our resources, however we use them. We'll have to keep on exporting a lot of people. And why not? It's all one country. You'd think to hear people talk that the boys who move to other provinces are exiles, refugees or displaced persons. They're just as Canadian as ever. We won't necessarily be worse off if we don't grow as fast in population as other parts of the country. We might be better off with a smaller population balanced against our resources."

A stranger must leave these questions to the natives. He can see for himself that history and environment have built here a separate character never to be confused with any other.



What most distinguishes these people, I think, is the sense of living in a poor land, of being the family's poor relations, of knowing that life must be hard. This makes a thrifty, unpretentious but—because all of them must struggle together—a kindly and generous folk with a family feeling and next-door neighborliness lost in larger communities.

Thousands of mourners from remote villages and forgotten farms appeared, uninvited, at Halifax for the funeral of Angus Macdonald, not because he was their premier but because he was their friend, the symbol of their life, the head of their family.

In short, these people resist better than most of us the conformity of this mass age. They are full of a pawky humor, the gift of Scotland, which emerges in the quiet chuckle, the mad tale and Scottish crack too wise to be called a wisecrack. They hate ostentation, support no Cadillac set and, in the original sense of that corrupted word, are well-bred.

It is said, however, especially by condescending former Nova Scotians, that the so-called Genetic Problem inbreeds this population and debases its quality. The ablest youngsters move to other provinces, leaving behind the inferior material to multiply in a descending spiral of deterioration.

My scholar laughed at this analysis, indicated politely that the former Nova Scotians had invented it to cover their homesickness and anoint their own egos, but suggested that I study the matter for myself.

My study took me to the thriving pulp-and-paper town of Liverpool, downcoast from Halifax, and into the meticulous workroom of Thomas Raddall, Nova Scotia's foremost contemporary writer. This weather-beaten sailor and woodsman told me, in the blunt language of sea and woods, that the Genetic Problem was high-sounding bunk dressed up to look like a scientific theory. Whatever Nova Scotia might lack, he said, it was not talent. Good men moved away but there was always an equally good man left for every job.

Mr. Raddall didn't mention it, but his own arrival in Nova Scotia from England, his refusal to leave it for the beckoning fleshpots of Toronto or New York, is a personal proof of his belief that Nova Scotia breeds or attracts as much ability as it exports and anyway, has plenty for its own purposes.

Though a relatively new arrival, Raddall has grasped and articulated the spirit of Nova Scotia in his books of history and current life. As an artist he probably understands these people better than they understand themselves but they continue to surprise him.

Not long ago he and a Scots piper repaired secretly to Halifax, on a quiet Sunday morning before the town was awake, and laid a wreath of trailing arbutus on the grave of Joe Howe. Raddall had hardly begun to recite Howe's ode to Nova Scotia's best-loved flower when a crowd gathered, a procession formed up behind the piper and news photographers recorded an author paying his private tribute to the greatest son of this land.

Some unrecorded tributes are paid every day at Annapolis Royal, across the peninsula from Liverpool.

The long inlet from Fundy lies like a pool of quicksilver under the noonday sun—"a thing so marvellous to see, the fair distances and the largeness of it," as Lescarbot, the French diarist, first reported. Fort Anne drowns on its greensward after so many sieges, battles, capitulations and changes of ownership that only a historian can sort them out. And from their crowded parlor the Misses Perkins observe, as



Grapefruit are at their best when

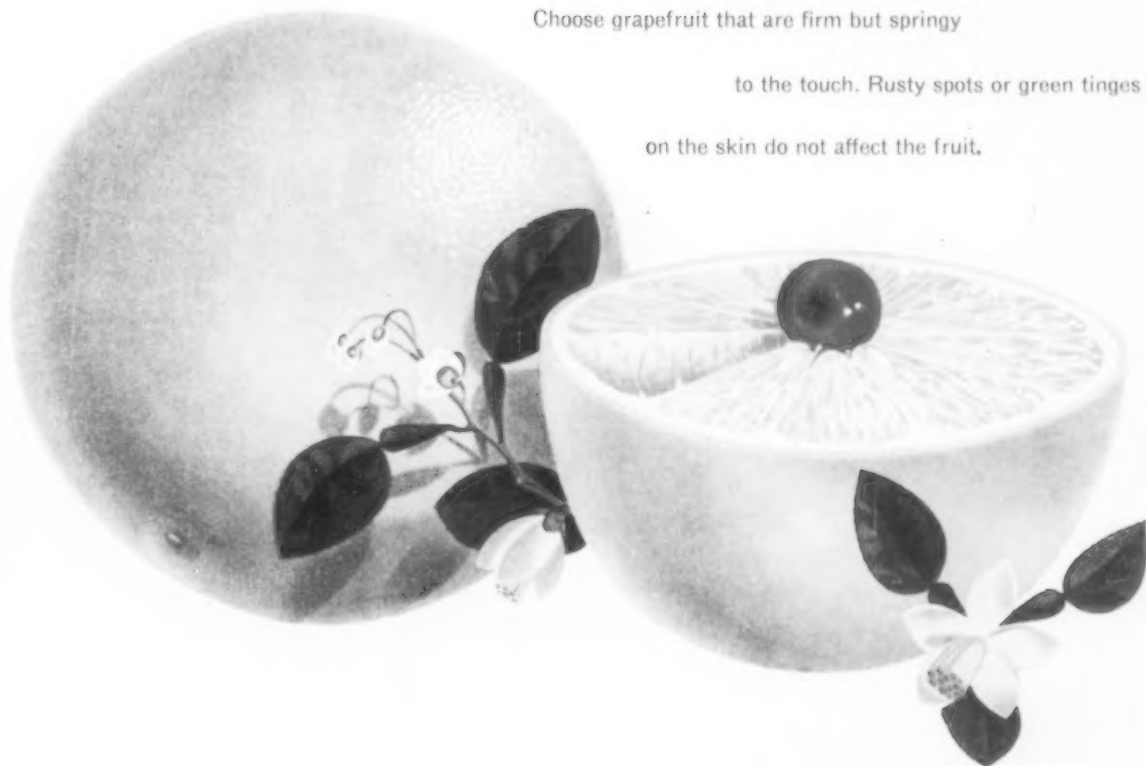
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The Perkins family came to Annapolis Royal before the Loyalists. Its present and, I suppose, its last generation traveled widely but found no place as good as this. So the Perkins sisters have spent their lives chronicling in modest footnotes a local civilization which began three and a half centuries ago.

We sat for an hour or two in a parlor of tinkling bric-à-brac while my hostesses, quite unconsciously, paraded the ghosts of Champlain, De Monts and Lescarbot, the lesser ghosts of Argall, Alexander and Haliburton, and the nameless ghosts of those hoop-skirted ladies who, on a stormy Sabbath, dropped their metal hoops and bustles outside the church lest they attract lightning.

The sunny museum which was once the officers' quarters at Fort Anne is supervised by the librarian, Miss Laura Hardy. She calls herself an amateur of history but if Howe was right in saying that "a wise nation preserves its records and gathers up its mementoes," Miss Hardy is doing a work of national importance and polishing the treasures of Canada.

It took her an hour to show me the faded chronicles of *Madame Freneuse*, mistress of the luckless Governor Bonaventure, *femme fatale* and early Canadian Mata Hari. Exiled by Governor Subercase, this seductive spy from Quebec actually returned across the Bay of Fundy from New Brunswick by open canoe in midwinter with only an Indian to help her paddle.

Any Philistine who calls such histories merely sentimental and irrelevant to our time should have walked a few yards from the fort to the courthouse. They were trying a young man for manslaughter in a hot little room. Exactly as in Judge Haliburton's day, justice was being administered without interruption in the place where the English common law first civilized Canada. The law lives because men have learned the lessons of the past.

The road from Annapolis Royal leads through Digby, a weather-beaten old town pungent with the smell of fish, and along the barren French shore where the Acadians crept home, a family at a time, after their dispersal. Dark Norman faces, windy villages, huge churches, plodding ox teams and multitudes of children tell that heroic story.

Yarmouth has another story to tell and a sad one. I heard it in disjointed fragments from a fisherman of leather face and truculent speech who stood up to the knees of his gum boots in a ton of gaspereau.

His night's catch, he admitted grudgingly, should be worth fifty dollars and he mentioned that sum as if it were a fortune. Half a dozen other fishermen watched his heavy-laden boat from the wharf in obvious envy as he ripped each fish out of his net with a rhythmic sound of torn gills.

We had talked some time before I established contact with this man. When I said that fishing from so small a boat, out there alone in the fog, must be dangerous work, he stopped suddenly, a fish in his hand, and gave me a fierce look out of his beach-pebble eyes.

"Yes," he said, "it's dangerous work all right. But you go when your time comes no matter where you are." He paused, staring at me, half in anger and half in interrogation. "I believe in God, don't you?"

Evading the question, I looked down a main street long enough for a large city; at the amazing spectacle of the Grand Hotel, that vast, pathetic monu-

ment to Yarmouth's hopeful youth; at the streets of clapboard mansions, domes and crazy gimcrack built by the rich captains of sail and sometimes still inhabited by their immortal widows, rocking behind curtains of foreign lace; at the idle wharves and the knot of ragged fishermen.

A few old sailormen in black suits of Victorian cut, who remember Yarmouth's fleet as the third largest in the world, are usually sitting around the Grand Hotel's coal fire, which never goes out, winter or summer. The life of every man there would make a book but they will not talk. They know that no landsman can comprehend or any book convey what they have seen out there beyond the harbor.

Fortunately one man in Yarmouth has undertaken, single-handed, to rescue that fading odyssey. George MacInnis works by day in a grocery store. At night he lives in his personal museum of old ships' logs, diaries, maps and marine relics. Mr. MacInnis told me many tales like that of the Lennie, whose sailors locked up Captain Hatfield in the hold and sailed out of the English Channel for South America, forgetting the ship's cabin boy. This enterprising lad's messages, consigned to the sea in bottles, were picked up in France, the Lennie was overtaken and five mutineers were hanged in London.

The adventures of that lost Yarmouth held me long past midnight. Next morning I was standing on the sea rocks of Shelburne. Here the Loyalists landed with their carriages, family plate, silk gowns and Negro slaves to found a second New York, now marked by nothing but a few overgrown wells.

The skeleton of a ship

The man talking to me in his shipyard bore the name of McKay, a famous name around Shelburne. His father built some of the largest sailing ships ever launched in Nova Scotia and once launched two on the same tide. The son is seventy-five years old, a bent and knotted man who grinned with some inward mirth after every sentence.

Crouching by the wood skeleton of his latest vessel—a fifty-foot fish boat and successor to a hundred and fifty larger vessels before it—Mr. McKay allowed that the fourth generation of his family was now working in the same shipyard. He laughed at the thought of it and pointed to his sons and grandsons swarming over the skeleton with a merry click of hammer and chisel.

Yes, he had been building ships for fifty-eight years and "I say it's been a good life." The recollection set him chuckling again. I asked him if his new ship was made of Nova Scotia timber. He stopped laughing and seemed to think I had insulted him. "I say," he retorted, "of course it's Nova Scotia timber. Oak ribs. You can't beat 'em." And the keel? "I say it's rock maple. Lloyd's rate it the best in the world."

As I left the shipyard he was climbing like an aged cat about the skeleton. He would flesh it and bring it to life.

Some boys were playing ball in the schoolyard. The pitcher and catcher, both Negroes, had descended from Loyalists' slaves. Their white companions evidently worshiped them as acknowledged champions. The Loyalists would be surprised to see what time has done to slavery and to Shelburne.

A smooth road (Nova Scotia has some of the best highways in Canada) curved around a jagged shore through

WHEN IN THE MARITIMES ASK FOR

Moosehead
PALE ALE

Alpine
LAGER BEER

forests of black spruce and maples dripping the Burgundy of their spring buds, over cliffs of mustard-colored seaweed, past villages snuggling in some sheltered valley and at last into an imaginary town called Lunenburg.

It really is not a town at all, but a picture by some vagrant artist arriving several centuries late and dreaming of the past in paint.

From a green hill I beheld the downs of southern England, a Cornish harbor and a black schooner that must have dropped anchor here after a voyage from Treasure Island. The setting sun washed the white houses with rosy pink. The moon turned them into glowing silver. A frog chorus broke into a moonlight sonata, a lighthouse winked a red eye far out to sea and the sea smell rode the night breeze. Whereupon I found myself lifted out of this age and set down in another.

This rather disturbing experience occurred, if you must know, in the Boscawen Manor. It is supposed to be a hotel but is actually a mirage, a delayed emanation of Victorian times likely to melt and disappear with all its indescribable furniture, candelabra, brassware and tiled fireplaces at any moment. Happily the forgotten shipmaster's house didn't melt that night. It was built to last.

So was Captain Angus Walters, the most famous seaman left in Nova Scotia and retired skipper of the peerless Bluenose. Oddly enough, Captain Walters is to be found in the steam and tin clatter of a dairy, hurling milk cans around, answering customers on the telephone and talking in an accent compounded of England, Scotland and Germany.

Home is the sailor, home from sea, and right glad of it. This agile little man had mastered the sea but the sea, as he thought, had turned against him. How was that?

"Well, I'll tell you," said the captain, his short legs spread as on a heaving deck, "the sea life was fine in my time. A shipmaster was the master, by God, and no mistake, and if I sailed at three o'clock and any man wasn't there he could stay ashore and be damned to him. That was the story of it. But not any more. The crew's the master now even if they don't know a halibut from a lobster. That's the story of it."

The day of the schooner, the dory and the net was passing and Captain Walters wanted none of the new day. "Why," said he, "the big draggers drag and rile the bottom like harrows, churnin' up the fishin' grounds and ruinin' the fish of all the sea, and that's the story of it."

His fierce old eyes peered from under his dairyman's cap to make sure I understood him. "In the sea," he said like a man who has penetrated the ultimate mystery, "there's everything that there is on land, and they're spoilin' it."

Why was he operating a dairy? "Because I'd die, without work, in six months. We're a strivin' people."

No, he never went near the wharves any more, this master of shipmasters. All the ships and the sails and the men he knew were gone. The intimate partnership of man, wind, ship and fish had ended in an age of engines, factories and processed fish sticks. But he had seen the mystery and mastered the sea. That was the story of it.

From Lunenburg I set out in search of Peggy's Cove, having seen it in a hundred familiar paintings and photographs.

The painted glimpse of Arcady and the photographer's deceptive angle shots turned out to be nothing more than a narrow gash in a shore of solid stone, not much larger than a good-sized washtub, a surrounding chaos of

boulders strewn like gigantic dice, a dozen listing houses, some wharves on rotted stilts and a few battered fish boats. A boy of some sixteen years was standing at the head of the cove and his legs could almost have spanned it.

He had been grappling since dawn with his native environment and had come home bearing one lobster, caught in his homemade pot. With a man's pride he showed me his catch and said he might get two or three more lobsters on the evening tide.

Oh, yes, things were mighty good at Peggy's Cove. Why, his grandmother

could remember when only three houses stood here and now his brother owned a secondhand truck! The land was poor but you could grow potatoes on beds of seaweed. His father owned a cow, and moved it inland if the weather turned bad. "Oh, it's pretty, sir," he ventured, "when the waves come in a good fifty feet high."

The lank figure in oilskins, the grinning young face against the rim of that stone inferno and the pounding surf beyond would have made a picture for any painter. It seemed to me the humble portrait of a race.

After this bleak coast a traveler finds the Annapolis Valley rolling before him as fair as King Arthur's Avilion, in orchard lawns and bowery hollows crowned with summer seas; or at least with immaculate villages, church spires piercing the rounded skyline and fruit trees and fat cattle on every hill.

Here was the outward sign of an instinctive order which the progressive provinces of the west have not yet discovered. And here, outside Wolfville, I found an inn designed for a tale by Stevenson or Conrad.

It had been built in the days of sail

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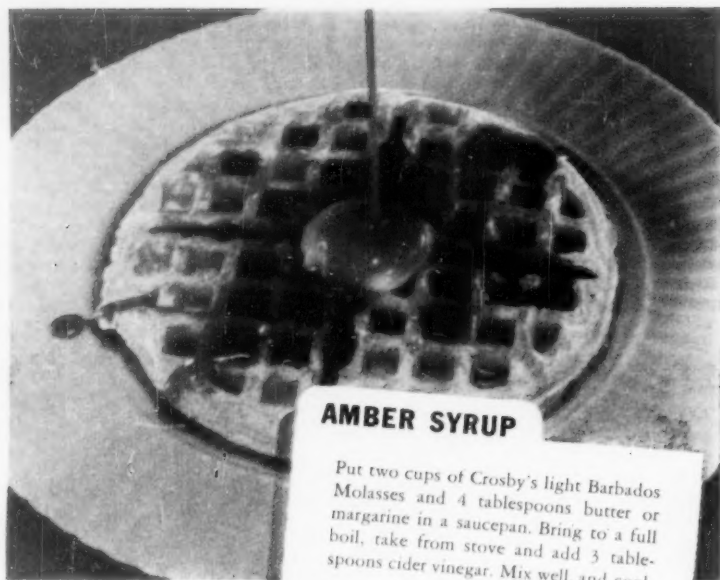
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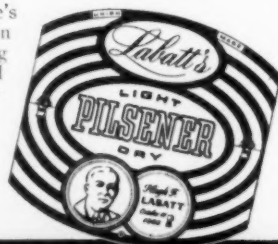
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THE SWING IS DEFINITELY TO
LABATT'S

"Cape Breton bred two peoples—land men above ground and coal men below"

by some sea captain of wealth and originality. His fancies included arched windows and stained glass, a stairway of some exotic timber brought from the South Seas, a striped floor of black mahogany and white pine, and a carved bed measured to hold a sultan with his entire harem.

In the dining room a character conceived perhaps by Stevenson or Conrad and certainly fictional—he had a mane of rusty hair, a face cured in rum and the soft, disarming voice of a reformed pirate—was titillating a table of schoolteachers from New England with stories of shipwreck, Spanish gold, bleached corpses and banana revolutions in South America. Anyone could identify him as Captain John Silver in disguise.

The homing instincts of the Nova Scotian had brought him back from his last voyage. The sea? He hated the very thought of it. How would he spend his declining years? Well—he confessed it rather sheepishly—he was building a bit of a boat and would poke about Fundy, some of the world's worst water.

Fundy, as it happened, was quiet that night. Its tide had sunk forty-seven feet since noon. Minas Basin was a vast smear of brown mud where some careless Titan had spilled a few billion gallons of cocoa. The unshaven chin of Cape Blomidon jutted grimly across the sunset.

Having inspected the ships stuck fast in the cocoa dregs, the marshlands dyked by the Acadians, Evangeline's stone church and statue, I was ready to move on to Antigonish. It stands between a lazy river and a gentle hill, and must have stood there a long time, for its name, in the Indian tongue, means The Place Where Bears Break Branches to Gather Hazel Nuts, or something like that.

St. Francis Xavier University seems to slumber on the hillside, but dining with its priests and professors, I soon realized that the nation holds no livelier institution of learning. None of our large universities, I dare say, has produced a greater achievement than the Antigonish Movement.

A swelling library of books records the network of co-operatives built by farmers, fishermen and consumers throughout the Maritimes but inspired by the scholars of St. Francis Xavier.

Those men saw Nova Scotia's local depression long before that word entered a universal language. They scurried about the countryside, lecturing fishermen in draughty fish sheds. They conferred with half a dozen farmers in some farm kitchen. Everywhere they preached a peaceful revolution.

The people, said Dr. Jimmy Tompkins, founder of the Movement, could save themselves but must do it on their own. "Give the people light," cried Dr. M. M. Coady, first director of the university's extension department. "If they don't get it this way they'll get it in the revolutionary way." So it seemed in the May Day parades, strikes and violence of the Cape Breton coal field.

St. Francis Xavier gave the people light, taught them better methods of farming, fishing and marketing, trained them in group action, kept the Movement out of politics and relied on the individual, once he was trained to think and to organize.

The light still shines from the hillside of Antigonish. It shines in the handsome outdoor face of Dr. Hugh J. Somers, president of the university,

and from the square coal miner's face of Father M. J. MacKinnon, who now directs the Movement. After an evening with them I was not surprised to hear that many backward countries seek the advice of St. Francis Xavier on economic problems, that its course of social studies brings pilgrims here from all over the world.

Anyone who doubts that the Movement has made the people think and act should talk to a fisherman on the wharf or a farmer in the Valley.

By the shore of Northumberland Strait I spent an hour with a fisherman who, too old for the sea, was tending eight thousand live lobsters in salt-water tanks and preparing them for shipment to Boston.

He picked up a lobster in his fingers. Pointing to the mottled color of its shell, he assured me that "a lobster, sir, is a lovely thing, a very lovely thing."

He and the other fishermen of that village had been taught to think by the scholars of St. Francis Xavier. They have built their own co-operative shipping and canning plants, have prospered, and now speak of the Movement as they might speak of God.

Cape Breton, I suspected, must be quite a place to breed men like Father MacKinnon. I was not disappointed.

Coal was meant to burn

The first person to greet me on the island was a coal miner with a sickle nose, a face baked red at Bannockburn and an accent flavored with haggis. I found him beside the inland sea called Bras D'Or Lake, and offered him a lift to Sydney.

While we drove through a country of picture-book farms and misty seascapes he told me the story of his life. It was the story of Cape Breton, of a folk physically separated from Nova Scotia by a narrow strait, and spiritually by the unbridgeable gulf that surrounds coal miners everywhere.

The island, you might almost say, has bred two peoples—the land men above ground and the coal men below it. This miner said he would never leave the mines. Though it was dangerous work and often interrupted, still, a man grew to like it and could never live far from a mine.

Yes, the island industry might be in trouble, more mines might close but in the end mankind would have to burn coal. I asked him why. After a moment's consideration he answered: "Because coal is natural, it was put there to burn and it'll be burnt."

Further along the road I picked up a raddled man in the remains of a flashy, checked suit. He was a retired pugilist now training half a dozen prize-fighters in Sydney.

How, I ventured to enquire, could he hope to make a living of pugilism in Cape Breton? His battered old face took on a thoughtful look. "Well," he said, "I fought all over Canada and the States and I came home. There's something about the Island. It gets you."

What that something is, no stranger can guess, but it includes three obvious traits—the nostalgia of the Scots (especially strong if they have never seen Scotland), the carefree, live-for-today philosophy of the coal miner, and the brittle, half-cynical humor that grows out of a perilous life.

Down where the rum is about like water,

Ma sold a drop till the Mounties
caught her,
And you spent the rest when you
hadn't oughter,
Down where the East begins.

The anonymous ballad makers of
Cape Breton turn out endless jingles
of that sort more expressive of their
life than any official document.

At Sydney a luxurious hotel is
crowded with air travelers from every-
where. The harbor is busy with the
ore ships from Newfoundland. The
main street must be the widest in the
nation. Black smoke pours from mines
and slag dumps. The steel mill looks
from the distance like some monstrous
vessel, steam up, masts and rusty con-
ning towers dwarfing the town.

And a busy, bustling, brawling town
it is, nourished by coal and steel. The
changeless story of coal mining is writ-
ten in miles of mean streets, in dingy
houses, in the scrubbed faces of miners
off shift who lounge on street corners
and wonder how many more mines will
close. For Sydney is the apex of Nova
Scotia's economic problem.

The leaders of this town, of Glace
Bay, North Sydney and the smaller
coal towns around them, are certain
that the problem can be solved.

A young labor leader of sober speech
and reasonable mind recalled the de-
pression when his family was always
hungry on a dole of six dollars a week.
Lately, he thought, management had
begun to learn that workers were
human beings. Well, things would
pick up later on. He cited figures out
of his head to prove that the total use
of coal in Canada would increase in the
long run.

The same sort of faith inspires the
businessmen of Sydney, fifty-five of
whom subscribed two thousand dollars
each to the Sydney Industrial Develop-
ment Company for investment in prom-
ising new industries.

"This island," said a leading figure
in SIDCO, "has just about everything
—coal, steel, farms, timber, fish and
scenery for tourists, but we've hardly
begun to use them properly. We won't
scream to Ottawa. We've got to lick
this thing for ourselves in our own way,
and we will."

Cape Breton has faced many chal-
lenges before now and once its response
failed.

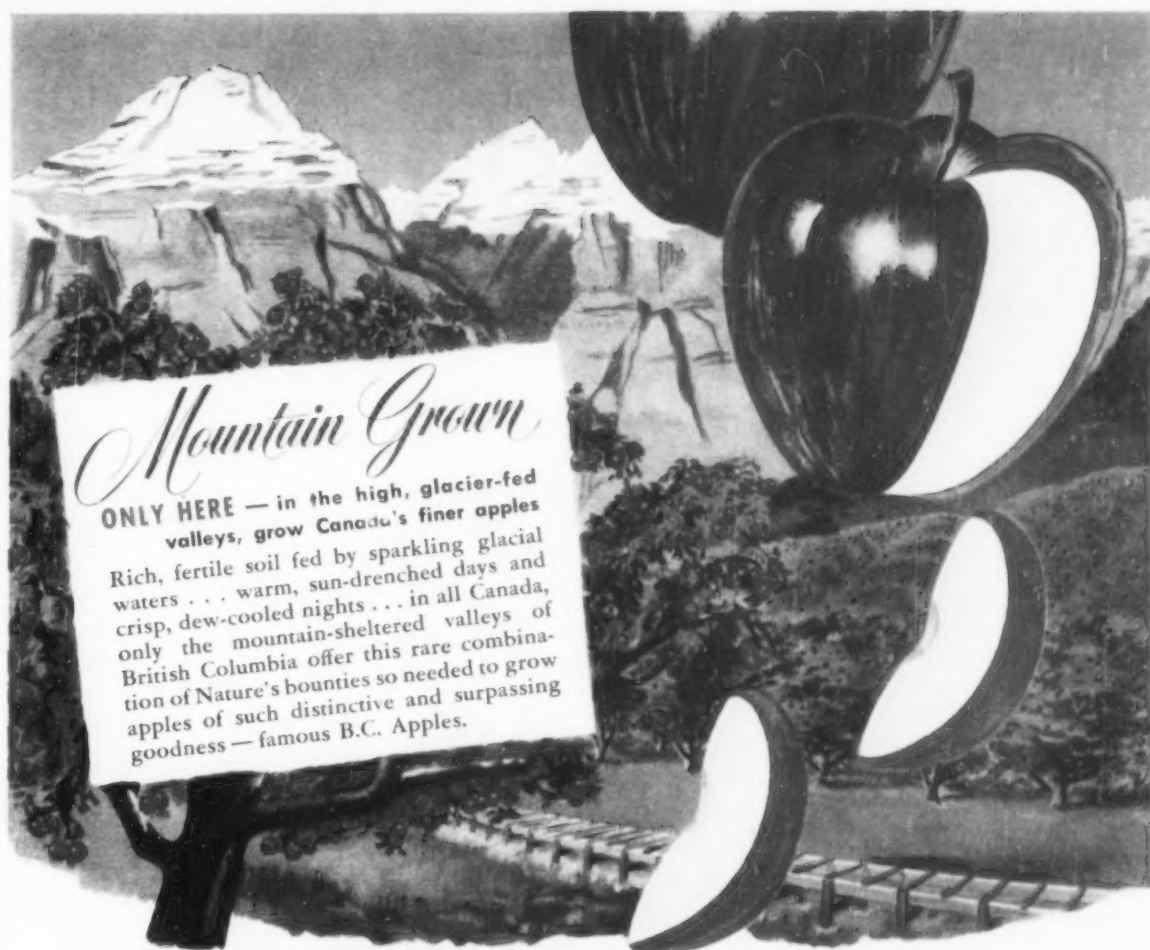
Louisbourg, a few miles from Sydney,
was the strongest fortress in the New
World, a French town of five thousand
people, of mansions, theatres, masked
balls, intrigue and corruption, the
North American miniature of Ver-
sailles.

Now, on a lonely headland, nothing
remains but a broken arch or two, the
grave of the tragic Duc D'Anville
whose fleet sank in Bedford Basin,
some children playing in a moldering
powder magazine, a few rusty cannons
dredged from the harbor and a band
of sheep grazing on the site of the
governor's palace.

But the ruins have something to
teach us about the successors of the
vanished French. Those thrifty Nova
Scotia pioneers shipped Louisbourg's
"cursed stones" to Halifax and used
them to build a city and house a
civilization. ★

NEXT ISSUE

Bruce Hutchison
rediscovers
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B. C. CINNAMON APPLES

- 1 cup water
- 1 cup granulated sugar
- 1 tablespoon vinegar
- 1 or 2 drops red food coloring
- 3-inch stick cinnamon
- 6 medium-size cooking apples

Make syrup of water, sugar, vinegar, coloring and spice; simmer 5 minutes. Add peeled, cored and halved apples. Cook gently until barely tender, turning and basting during cooking. Remove from syrup and serve hot or cold. Apples will become somewhat darker when chilled. Serves 6.

B. C. APPLE CRISP

- 6 medium size B. C. apples
- 1/4 cup granulated sugar
- Cinnamon
- 1/4 cup butter
- 1/2 cup flour
- 3/4 cup brown sugar

Peel the apples and slice into a buttered baking dish. Sprinkle with the granulated sugar and cinnamon. Combine the butter, flour and brown sugar, and spread mixture on top of the apples. Bake about 30 minutes in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) until apples are soft and top is a golden brown. Serves 6.

OKANAGAN SALAD

- 3 cups diced apples
- 1/2 cup grated carrot
- 1 cup chopped celery
- Hint of onion
- 1 cup well-drained crushed pineapple
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- Seasonings to taste

Peel, core and dice apples and marinate in salad dressing for 2 hours, using enough dressing to blend with apples. Add carrots, celery, onion, pineapple and nuts, blending well together. Season to taste. Turn out on lettuce leaves to serve. Garnish as desired.

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Are the Republicans stuck with Nixon?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

life he has lots of honor and fame but no money; if he were to leave the Supreme Court he would be gambling a secure old age on the uncertain chances of a presidential election.

Conceivably all these obstacles might be swept aside by a direct personal appeal from President Eisenhower, to

whom Warren owes his present position, that Warren should run as a matter of public duty. But in fact Warren has already anticipated the "public duty" argument, and has told his friends he would not be moved by it—his duty, he says, is to the supreme court. Moreover it is not very likely that a president in office would make such an appeal, which takes for granted his own ability to dictate to a party convention the choice of his successor.

If Warren is out, what about other Republicans? Twenty-one out of forty-eight state governors, forty-seven out

of ninety-six senators and almost all captains of industry or commerce are Republicans, and several have already been mentioned as possible dark horses.

One such is Christian Herter, governor of Massachusetts and former congressman. Herter is generally liked in both parties, a man of unblemished reputation and undisputed ability. Unfortunately he suffers from arthritis, and that with his age (sixty) makes him a doubtful choice in an election when age and health are almost political issues.

Fred Hall, governor of Kansas, is

another whose name crops up from time to time. Hall has a better name than most of his party with labor and with the farm vote, but he seems to share the farmer-labor contempt for the old guard of his own party. Since the old guard is still powerful, especially at convention time, Governor Hall is unlikely to be the party's choice in any circumstances.

A candidate who might be more popular with the old guard, and who in fact is often described as leader of the "Taft wing" of the Republican Party, is William Knowland, the young senior senator from California. Knowland is minority leader in the Senate, which means he is supposed to be field commander of the Republican forces in the upper house. He was a close friend of the late Senator Robert Taft, and it is true that he speaks for some of Taft's right-wing supporters. A violent anti-Communist, Knowland has fought so hard and so often for the interests of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and the Nationalist Chinese that he is mockingly called the senator from Formosa.

Knowland has already announced that unless President Eisenhower announces his own intention of running for a second term, he—Knowland—is a candidate for the nomination as of now. I did not meet anybody in Washington who took Knowland's ambition seriously, either in the so-called "Taft wing" or anywhere else.

He is acknowledged by all to be a decent man, nothing like such right-wingers as Senator Joseph McCarthy or even the oily Senator Dirksen of Illinois. But Knowland adheres so stubbornly to his own convictions that he has often led the opposition to Eisenhower's program, which is a strange role for the Republican field commander.

For that same reason it's incorrect to say that Knowland speaks for the "Taft wing." The core of Senator Taft's strength was no ideological group, but the hard-working, hard-bitten professionals of the Republican party machine. They are unlikely to nominate a man whose chief claim to fame is having turned repeatedly against his own party leader, and that leader the first winner the party's had in twenty-five years.

Besides, there is no reason why the party's right wing should object to Richard Nixon, Knowland's fellow Californian and chief rival ever since the war. Nixon, after all, is no left-winger. His first and one of his chief claims to fame is that it was he, as a bright young junior congressman, who trapped and exposed Alger Hiss who was later convicted of perjury after denying that he had been a Communist spy. If the Democrats hate him, and they certainly do, it's mainly because of his hammer-and-tongs campaign against them in the off-year elections of 1954, when he damned them in thirty-four states as "soft on communism." He was on the house committee that drafted the Taft-Hartley Act, a statute as dear to the U. S. Right as it is anathema to U. S. labor unions.

As for the solid centre of the Republican Party, the professional cadre that cares little about ideology but a lot about winning elections, it's here that Nixon's warmest friends are found. Nixon is the only man on the Eisenhower team who pays constant flattering attention to the problems of the party wheel horses. When they come to Washington it's Nixon who finds time to see them, listen to them, give them advice, or at any rate a shoulder to weep on. When they want a big-name speaker to help out a weak candidate in some obscure congressional district, Nixon is the man who comes tirelessly to their aid. They like him

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TRANS-CANADA AIR LINES

Eisenhower boosts Nixon, but some party leaders seem less sure about him. Why?

personally. What depresses them about him as a presidential candidate is that they don't think he can win.

The Republicans who like Nixon least are the left wing, the liberals. Men like Senators Clifford Case of New Jersey, Gordon Allott of Colorado and Irving Ives of New York would rally around some other candidate if they could find one. But meanwhile they, even more than the party's right wing, are compelled to give their support to Nixon.

These liberals are Eisenhower men, and that title is their strength and their whole stock in trade. The Republican Party in congress is still dominated by Taft men who seem to think Eisenhower is a dangerous radical. When these conservatives try, as they often do, to sabotage the Eisenhower program, liberals like Case and Allott do what they can to push the program through. This naturally earns them the dislike and suspicion of the diehards, and the only thing that protects

most brilliant students. At the local Whittier College where he took his arts degree he was class president again, and president of the students' society. When he got a scholarship to Duke University in the east, to study law, he became class president a third time. To help finance all this education he worked at various jobs, mostly helping his parents in the shop or the filling station.

With his law degree he came back to Whittier to practice, later got a government job in Washington. After Pearl Harbor he volunteered for the navy, volunteered again for combat duty after being stuck at a desk job in Iowa for a while, ended the war with an excellent record of service in the Pacific.

He was still in the navy doing post-war legal work when the parties chose candidates for the off-year congressional elections in 1946. California Republicans needed one for the Twelfth Congressional District in Los Angeles County, then held by a popular New Deal Democrat named Jerry Voorhis. Voorhis was such a formidable opponent that the Republicans were reduced to placing classified advertisements to recruit a man to run against him. A California banker named Herman Perry—Uncle Herman—remembered the bright young lawyer from Whittier and telephoned him in Baltimore. Their conversation has become part of the standard Nixon biography as it appears in journals both friendly and hostile.

"Are you a Republican?" Uncle Herman enquired.

"I guess so," Nixon answered. "I voted for Dewey last time."

"Then come on out here right away," said Uncle Herman. "We have a job for you."

Nixon was willing, but he didn't have enough money for fare. With the help of his former law partner in Whittier he raised three hundred dollars, flew to Los Angeles, appeared before the local Republican committee along with three other aspirants (who presumably had answered the classified ads) and got the job.

He astonished the Republican Party, and perhaps himself, by beating the unbeatable Jerry Voorhis by more than eight thousand votes. This was the year the Republicans took control of both houses of congress away from Harry Truman's Democrats, so Nixon's feat was not unique, but it was unusual enough to attract a lot of attention to a junior congressman.

That, however, is the kind of publicity soon forgotten. What made Richard Nixon permanently and properly notable was his role in the exposure of Alger Hiss.

Everybody and his dog can take a kick at Alger Hiss now that he is down. It takes an effort of memory to remember what a formidable man he was in early 1948—the friend and confidant of the secretary of state, for whom justices of the Supreme Court volunteered to testify as character witnesses. Alger Hiss was a man far more eminent in Washington, and far more powerful then, than any humble congressman on the House Committee on Un-American Activities. Of these humble congressmen Richard Nixon was one, and this proved to be a most unfortunate fact for Alger Hiss.

The accuser was Whittaker Chambers, a self-confessed turncoat, ex-Communist, ex-spy. Hiss' denial was total—not only were Chambers' particular charges untrue, but Hiss had

Love song

See the singer, face distorted,
In the seeming clutch of pain;
See his features, grim, contorted;
Note the hands, which twitch and strain;
Hear his voice, through chords constricted,
Supplicate some straying chit
(Agonizingly depicted);
Is this love—or just a fit?

TOM TALMAN

the liberals from revenge of the Right is their status as Eisenhower supporters.

But Eisenhower Supporter Number One is Vice-President Richard Nixon. Ever since 1952, but especially since the president's illness, Nixon has been Eisenhower's chosen voice and instrument with congress. More than any of his predecessors in office he has been an assistant president, and Eisenhower has missed few chances to proclaim that Nixon is one of the most valuable players on the Eisenhower team. Republican liberals, who are genuinely and heartily Eisenhower men, are thus more or less obliged to be Nixon men as well.

But why are they all so glum about it? If Nixon thus emerges as the inevitable choice of Right, Left and Centre alike, why do they all seem to think this a bad thing?

That's a hard question to answer. Superficially the facts about Richard Nixon serve only to make it even harder. His career sounds like the answer to a political press agent's dream. It lacks only a log cabin.

He was born on a fruit farm near the tiny village of Yorba Linda, Calif., (pop. 885) in 1913. His father, Frank Nixon, was a poor but worthy and devout man, a Quaker who met trouble with patience and courage. After initial failure as a farmer he made a modest success, with the aid of his capable wife, as a grocer and filling-station operator. Both the elder Nixons are still honored citizens of Whittier, Calif., the small town where Richard grew up.

Richard was a bright boy and a good boy too, played football in high school, played the violin in his school orchestra as well as the piano at home, became president of his class and one of its



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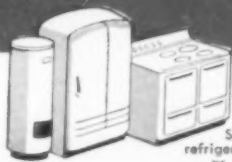
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"The only time to lose your temper," said Nixon, "is when it's deliberate"

never known or heard of this contemptible creature, he swore. Nixon was the only man on the investigating committee who was not convinced, or at any rate awed into silence, by Hiss and his Olympian character witnesses.

Nixon was a lawyer, albeit a young one, and he was the first member of the committee to notice how elaborately careful were Hiss' replies under oath. Hiss seldom made a flat statement; he almost always qualified it with "according to my best recollection," which is a tested charm against the charge of perjury. Nixon noticed also that Hiss never once said, "I do not know Whittaker Chambers." He always said, "I never knew a man by the name of Whittaker Chambers," which of course was true. (Chambers in his days as a Communist spy was known to fellow spies only as Carl.) Nixon noticed these fine distinctions, and had the courage to act on the inferences they suggested.

When the committee was cowed and intimidated by the assurance and the connections of Alger Hiss, it was Nixon who persuaded them not to drop the enquiry. Nixon suggested the idea of interrogating Hiss and Chambers privately, and comparing what they said. Thus Nixon was responsible for eliciting from both men, each unknown to the other, those damning details of Hiss' domestic life which Chambers could not have known without knowing Hiss, and which Hiss himself unwittingly confirmed. Nixon flew back from a Caribbean vacation to make sure his committee kept hold of Whittaker Chambers' "pumpkin papers" and thus prevented a threatened whitewash of Hiss by his friends in Washington. It is probably true to say that Richard Nixon did as much as any other single man to have Hiss convicted.

Nixon's friends would like to think that his plucky action in the Hiss case, which made him admired by the extreme Right, is also the thing that makes him hated by the Left—the liberal Democrats, who hate Nixon with a pure white flame of hatred. There may be some truth in this belief.

American liberals are still irrational about the Hiss case. They now admit reluctantly that Alger Hiss was guilty, but they still have an abiding dislike and suspicion of his accuser Whittaker Chambers. It is possible some of the same unreasoning hostility works against Nixon, the prosecutor. Certainly a great deal is said about him that is not true.

Ex-President Harry Truman, who enjoys denying that he recently described the vice-president of the United States with a four-word epithet, *did* say about Nixon: "He called me a traitor." Nixon never called Truman anything of the kind. Neither did he ever refer to Senator Joseph O'Mahoney of Wyoming as "Foreign Agent No. 783." Republican advertisements *did* carry this dirty and preposterous smear, but nobody has ever proved that Nixon had anything to do with it.

"What makes me mad," Nixon said to a friend afterward, "is not so much the lies they tell about me. What makes me mad is that they think I'd be such a fool as to say things like that. Talk like that always boomerangs."

But this remark, which was repeated to me by one of Nixon's close friends and admirers, does suggest a quality that alienates some people who would otherwise bear Nixon no ill will. He conveys to them an impression of cool calculation which prevents them from trusting him fully.

"The only time to lose your temper," Nixon once said to a friendly interviewer, "is when it's deliberate."

In the 1952 campaign the Democrats threw a bombshell at Nixon by discovering, in mid-September, that as a senator he'd had a special fund of \$18,235 contributed by seventy-six wealthy Californians to be used for political expenses between campaigns. Nixon defended himself in a radio-television speech, before a total audience estimated at twenty-eight million, and drew two million letters of which almost all were favorable. This was the famous "Checkers" speech, a highly emotional performance in which Nixon used as props not only his handsome wife Patricia but his cocker spaniel Checkers.

"My boy" missed an audience

Eisenhower's re-endorsement of his running mate depended on that speech, and the speech was effective. "My boy," said Eisenhower, in what must have been a very touching scene. But unluckily it was not recorded by the battery of photographers who went to see it, because they had jumped off the Nixon plane before Eisenhower bounded aboard, and his bodyguard wouldn't let them back on. Nixon was cool enough in the stress of the moment to note and regret this fact.

"It's a pity you weren't on the plane when General Eisenhower met me," he said to one of them an hour later. "You'd have got a wonderful picture."

Nixon partly repaired this omission by "weeping unashamedly," as almost



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every cutline put it, on the shoulder of another fellow Republican when the photographers were present in force. Only a few of the cutlines noted that the shoulder was that of Senator William Knowland, who is probably Nixon's bitterest enemy in the Republican Party.

Among neutral as distinct from hostile critics of Nixon, the commonest question is, "What does this man stand for, anyway? What is his political philosophy, or has he got one?"

Nixon's friends say, perhaps rightly, that the question is not quite fair. Nixon is a very young man in politics and his record is short. Democrats can, and do, provide a version of his voting record in the House and the Senate that makes him look like a reactionary opposed to foreign aid, social security, international trade and organized labor. Another version, equally accurate in detail and probably more accurate in implication, shows that he voted for the Truman doctrine of aid to Greece and Turkey, for the Marshall Plan, for the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act which permits the reduction of United States tariffs.

All these facts relate, of course, to Nixon's six years in the House and the Senate. Since 1952, as vice-president, he has been simply a devoted advocate of the Eisenhower program. If on rare occasions the Eisenhower policy has diverged from Nixon's known personal views, he supported the policy anyway, as would a loyal cabinet minister in this country, and as all of them do all the time.

"Thousands of security risks"

There is no reason to doubt that Nixon honestly supports, on balance, Eisenhower's enlightened policies of international co-operation, increasing freedom of world trade and all the other things that have made the free nations glad to accept the leadership of the United States. The doubt centres not on Richard Nixon's personal beliefs but on the strength and steadfastness with which he holds them.

During the 1954 campaign, when Nixon distinguished himself and won the gratitude of Republican professionals by campaigning in thirty-four states within forty-one days, he earned the undying hatred of the Democrats by reiterating the charge that they were "soft on communism."

"We are rooting out the Communists and fellow travelers and security risks not by hundreds but by thousands," he said many times. (A recent Senate investigation showed that more than half the so-called "security risks" fired from the U. S. government in the past three years had been hired by the Republican administration itself.)

Another Nixon favorite was: "When we got to Washington we found the Democrats had a blueprint for socializing the United States." What grain of truth there was in this, if any, has never been determined impartially.

These and other denunciations in the same kind of strong language were on Nixon's lips day after day, night after night, until the end of the off-year congressional campaign in 1954. On the very morrow of the election (in which the Democrats won control of both houses of congress) Nixon gave a tape-recorded interview that was a model of calm and good temper. He had no worries, he said, about the administration getting on with the new congress. There might be some differences about domestic policy, but in foreign policy "our Democratic friends" would support Eisenhower "as they did in many instances at the last session."

Nixon and his friends seem to be genuinely puzzled that this genial

tolerance, coming in the next breath after such bitter abuse, made the Democrats hate him all the more. They are even less able to understand why neutral observers should find it hard to take. Vehemence, in their inventory, is just another political commodity.

It may seem a trivial thing to say of a Republican presidential candidate that the Democrats hate him; after all, the Republicans hated Franklin D. Roosevelt, and much good it did them. But this case is different. There are more registered Democrats in the United States than there are registered

Republicans—about ten million more. Only by capturing the independent vote and a few wavering Democrats as well can a Republican candidate hope to carry the country as Dwight Eisenhower did in 1952.

Richard Nixon at the moment, according to public-opinion polls, trails Adlai Stevenson in popular esteem by approximately four votes to five. This does not seem to be an insuperable margin, with nearly a year of campaigning still ahead. But Democrats look forward with the keenest delight to the task of making it wider instead

of narrower, and Republicans seem to think that they can do it.

"Dick has been the hatchet man for our party in the last four years," said one of his friends and admirers. "I think they must have had an agreement—Eisenhower would make the high-level statesman-like speeches and Dick would do the give-'em-hell stuff. But the hatchet man isn't the best candidate for president."

It's the Republican tragedy that, knowing their hatchet man is not the best candidate, they also know they haven't any better. ★

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Grant's Scotch Whisky is the International Label of the house of Grant's, a worthy partner of our Best Procurable, for generations a most respected name in Canada.



TIME WILL TELL

When Grandfather flew to the Moon

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

Moon Men took off his great helmet. "Bit my tongue when we landed sudden," he said.

"Nothing to what you will bite when you land on the Moon," said my grandfather.

"That is what I am thinking," the man replied. "And that is why I say they can have their old Moon. Back to Golders Green by first train it is for me."

The leader took off his helmet at that. "Go to the Moon one short?" he cried. "That would never do."

"I will go in his place," said Dai my father quietly.

"You go? Never," roared my grandfather. "No son of mine shall go gallivanting round among the planets."

My father flushed angrily. But no one argued with Grandfather, and at that moment we heard Uncle Space-Ship-Repairs Jones holloing that the Moon Ship was now as right as nine-pence.

The Moon Men, all except the one who had bitten his tongue, set off for Ten Acre.

"I will come and see you off," said Grandfather, and we watched him walk up the hill with the men.

With a great roar the Moon Ship rose into the sky, and climbed among the stars. Soon we could see it no more.

"Supper now," said Gran.

WE GOT the meal ready, and then someone said, "Where is Grandfather?"

All the grownups looked uneasy, and suddenly I was frightened and began to cry.

"Gone to talk to the old bull, maybe," said Gran.

Silently my father picked up the lantern and went out into the fields. It was a long time before he came back.

"Gone," he said. "Clean as a whistle."

No one said anything.

Grandfather did not come back all night. Nor the next day.

Gran was worried.

Then, at dusk, Read-All-About-It Evans, instead of dropping our evening papers from his helicopter as he flew past, landed. He marched into the house and thrust the paper under my father's nose, and said, "See you."

"Octogenarian on Moon," said big headlines. Then, below: "Radio flash from Moon party says Mortimer Griffiths, elderly Welsh farmer, took place of member of crew injured in earth landing."

"Well, there is sly for you," said my father. "Going out for five minutes and finishing up on the Moon."

Gran said nothing. But she went to the pegs and got her coat and went out of the door.

"Go with her, Bronwen," my father ordered me, but kindly.

When I got outside it was almost dark, but a big full Moon was just swinging clear of the hill, and I could see Gran going along the path that leads up Break Back and past Ten Acre and brings you to the Little Mountain. Though I was only a child I knew where Gran was going, and why. At the top of Little Mountain she would be nearer to the Moon than anywhere. I also felt, child though I was, that she would want to be alone, so I followed quietly, at a short distance.

Sure enough, Gran kept on up the mountain, and at last we were on the top place where there is nothing but broken rocks, and holes of black water, and lonely old ghosts. And the Moon was well up now, and so near that you felt that if you stood on tiptoe you could touch it like an apple on the tree.

Gran looked at the Moon. And the Moon looked at Gran.

Now Grandfather was a big man, and I knew she was hoping to see him, perhaps putting up a little tent, or lighting a Primus. But there was no sign of anyone on the Moon's face. And at last, after a long time, Gran shivered and sighed. Then she muttered, "Round at the back, maybe," and she turned and came slowly down the mountain. And though she must have seen me she said no word.

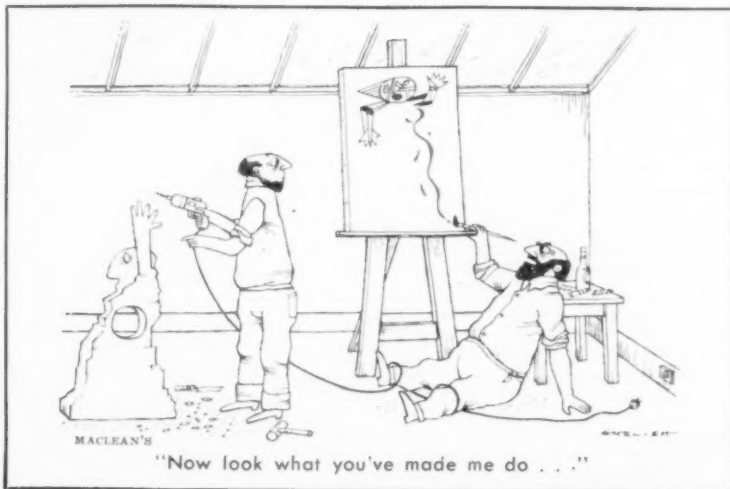
The next night the same thing happened. At moonrise Gran set off for the mountain, and I followed. But this time the Moon was not quite round, and Gran looked at it for a long time. Then she said, "Shrinking it is," and came home again.

THIS happened every night. The Moon grew thinner and thinner, and Gran went out later and later. Young though I was, they let me stay up till all hours to follow Gran up the mountain. But at last the Moon rose so late that Dai my father said, "Bed for you tonight, my girl."

But I awoke in the small hours, and looked out, and there was the Moon, a thin, silver sickle, and there was the yellow light of a lantern climbing the dark side of the sleeping mountain.

I put on my coat and ran out into the cold.

When I reached the top of the mountain Gran was there. To my surprise she spoke to me. Pointing to the thin crescent she said, "Hanging on by his fingernails now he will be," and she took my hand and led me home.



The next evening she said to my father, "What time does the Moon rise tonight, Dai?"

My father looked at the paper. "There is no Moon tonight, Gran," he said.

"No Moon," repeated Gran in a voice of death. "No Moon." She rose, and hung a black cloth over the big picture of Grandfather at the Eisteddfod.

"Falling through the sky he will be now," she said slowly, as though speaking to herself. "Like a shooting star he will fall, and like a shooting star he will cease to be." She went back to her chair and sat down, her hands folded in her lap.

"But the fact that you can't see the Moon doesn't mean it isn't there," my father explained. "It's just that the sun is shining on the other side of it."

Gran gave him a look. "Black midnight," she cried. "Black midnight, and you talk to me of sunshine. Open the door." She pointed an ancient finger at it. "And, if the sun is shining, run up Snowdon bare-foot I will, like the mad woman of Aberdaron."

Dai my father gave up. There was a silence. Then Gran began talking again, almost to herself.

"He was a hard man," she said. "I didn't much care for him. Never would he buy me anything. A spaceship, only a little one, I asked him for, many times."

"No mention of spaceships in the Lives of the Great Saints," he says, smiling nasty, putting the tips of his fingers together, smug as you please. "No mention of indoor sanitation either," I say, real angry now. "But that do not stop Rev. Williams having a little room up at the Manse."

"But it was no good. There was no arguing with Mortimer Griffiths." She rose, and went to bed. And the next day she left for Aberystwyth and married Llewellyn Time Machine.

THEY went to 1954 for their honeymoon. And two days after they had gone Grandfather came back from the Moon.

"Finished the harvest?" he asked.

"Yes," said my father.

"Have you mended the fence in Ten Acre?"

"Never mind the fence in Ten Acre," said my father. "Gran has married Llewellyn Time Machine."

That was a terrible moment. For a long time my grandfather stood stroking his beard. Then suddenly he shot out his long arm and grasped a chopper.

"Where are they?" he roared.

"Where are they?"

My father, pale, said nothing.

Grandfather seized him by the throat and shook him.

"Where are they?" he repeated.

"In—in 1954," gasped my father.

Grandfather let him go. "Get the tractor out," he ordered.

"Where are you going?"

"1954," said Grandfather.

He was gone for nearly a week.

Then he came back, alone. He was in a good mood, quite talkative for him.

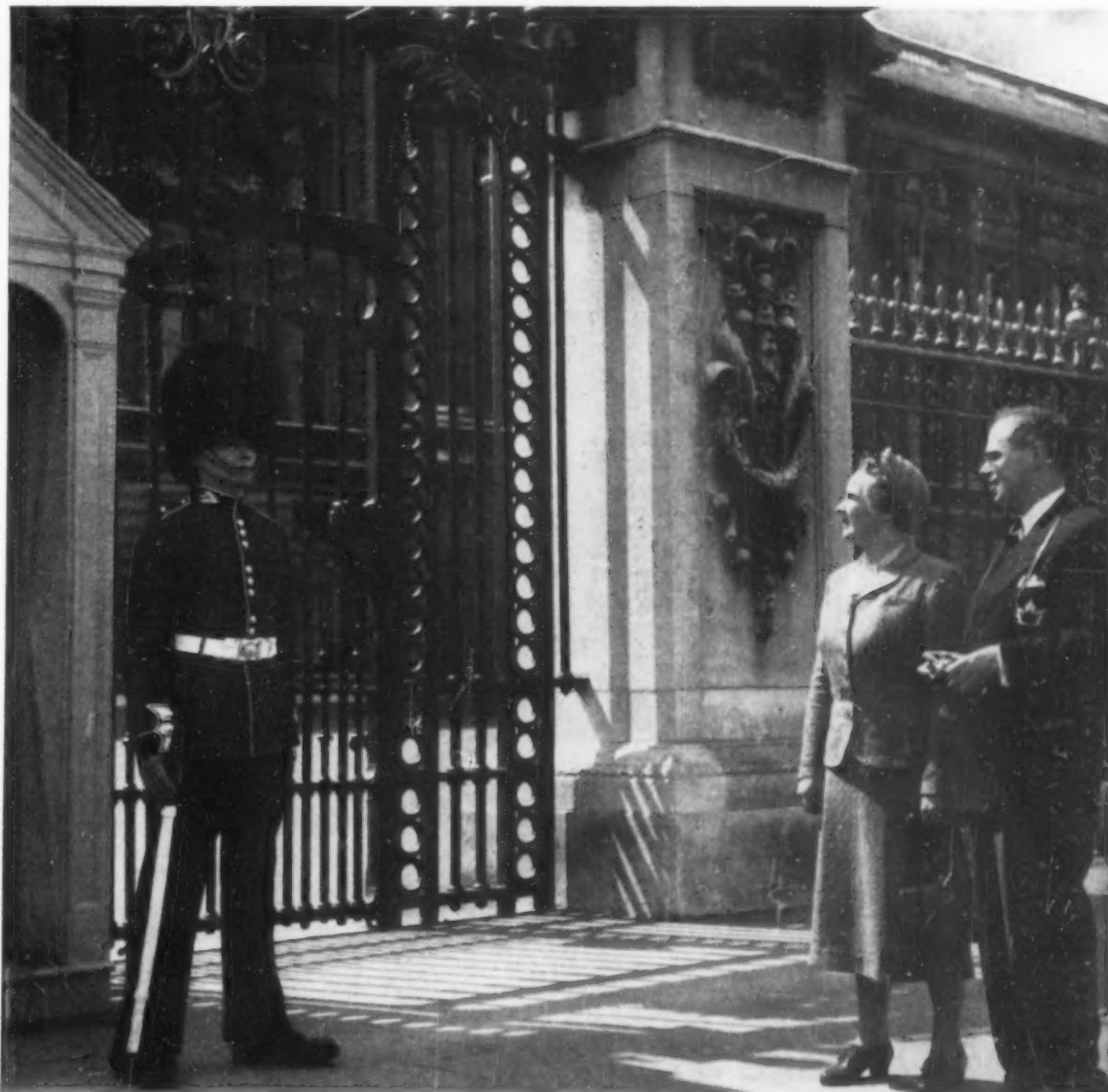
"Hired a Time Machine in Llandudno," he said, beaming. "Chased them right back to the Middle Ages. Llewellyn caught the Black Death. And I smashed his Time Machine to pieces with my little chopper."

"And Gran?" asked my father.

"Stranded in the Middle Ages, with no money, and no means of getting back," said Grandfather with immense satisfaction. "She was taking the veil when I last saw her. Damp, the nunery looked. Damp and cold."

"Teach her to go hankering after spaceships," said my grandfather. ★

Snapshots from Britain:



"Famous Buckingham Palace—where this photograph was taken—was just one of the fascinating places we saw during our vacation in friendly Britain" say Rev. and Mrs. Orville P. Hossie of Kitchener, Ontario.

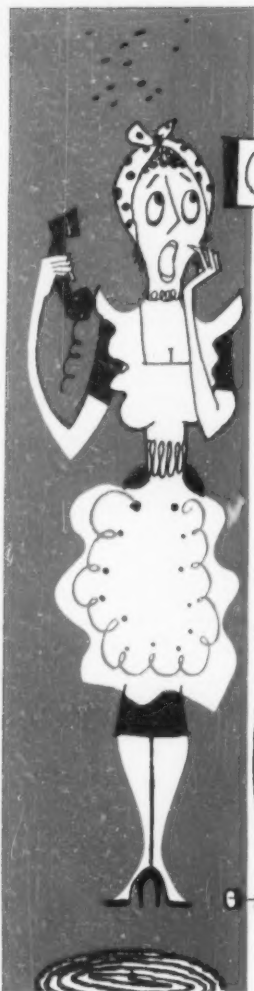
"We shall never forget the happy holiday we spent in Britain. The astonishing variety of beautiful scenery there; the host of historic places; the ease and inexpensiveness of travel and the warmth of our welcome everywhere—all made our vacation the experience of a lifetime."

Maybe you have dreamed of a trip to England, Scotland, Wales or Northern Ireland. Maybe you have longed to visit friends and relations there; to see the sights in town and country; to shop for bargains; to enjoy the theatre, the music, the ballet. And maybe you have never dreamed how little such a vacation need cost you. A trip to Britain, including transportation both ways and a ten days stay, can cost you no more than \$400.00 from Toronto and \$530.00 from Vancouver. You can live well, eat well, in Britain, and see the country from top to bottom for far less than you ever imagined! You can afford that trip to Britain. See your travel agent for details—or write for information and free illustrated literature to The British Travel Association, Dept. MM/17, 90 Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ontario.



Mrs. Hossie poses in London's celebrated Trafalgar Square for a springtime vacation snapshot. Remember, spring comes early to Britain. And remember, too, that thrift-season fares, in spring and fall, save precious vacation dollars. Plan now to make that trip to Britain next spring!

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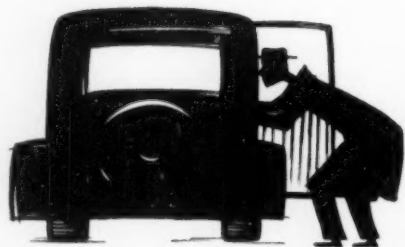
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Mailbag

Margaret's tragic dilemma

In his article, Was Princess Margaret Sacrificed to the Church? (Dec. 10), Beverley Baxter ignores one aspect of her tragic dilemma. I refer to the necessity for a person, or a church, if truly Christian, to obey their own convictions. For an individual with the princess' high standard of right and wrong to have done less would have made her private inner life intolerable. For a church to have lowered its high standards to accommodate a royal person would have been contemptible. What the rest of us think—pro or con—is not important.—Mrs. M. E. Child, Durban, Man.

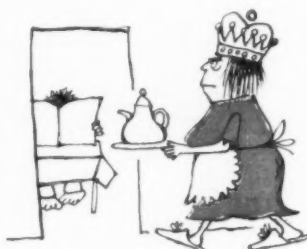
Doesn't Baxter realize he is criticizing the Sermon on the Mount? The 32nd verse, chapter 5, of St. Matthew's gospel reads as follows:

... whosoever shall put away his wife, saving for the cause of fornication, causeth her to commit adultery: and whosoever shall marry her that is divorced committeth adultery.

What else can the Church do but uphold that teaching? ... Miss P. C. Thompson, Vancouver.

What a howl there would have been if the Church had relaxed her rules to accommodate a princess!—Dorothy van Kerkhoff, Vancouver.

I cannot see her cooking Townsend's kippers, darning his socks and



putting out the well-worn briar and comfy slippers ... —Charles Wilson, Ottawa.

Nineteen years ago Baxter wrote an article on Edward's abdication that annoyed and angered me ... Now he has absolutely redeemed himself. Our beloved princess was a needless sacrifice to cruel, outworn and obsolete dogma.—Jack Sutherland, Hanna, Alta.

If Margaret never marries she will still be happier than as the wife of a man with a wife still living ... —A. M. Williams, Victoria.

Thank you, Beverley Baxter, for a stirring, human, simply magnificent composition. Certainly it must appeal to the heart of every human.—Harold Baird, Weston, Ont.

If Princess Margaret has been brought up under the teachings of the Church of England and has accepted these, why should she deny her religious affiliation to satisfy her marital instincts? True, one can often combine Christian principles and Christian mar-

riage, but when this is impossible marriage must take second place.—J. A. McCullum, Kingston.

This is one of the finest, most human and understanding articles in years and well worth the careful reading of everyone. May this writer continue to give us his wide, sane and courageous views.—R. R. Stuart, Kingston.

This crisis should bring into focus the old question of whether there should be an established state church. I agree there can be no divorce and remarriage for the Christian. But this applies only to believing Christians. It is unjust to force Christian standards of conduct on people with no religious convictions, and this inevitably happens when there is a recognized state church ... Marriage should not be the exclusive prerogative of the Church. Marriage is a legal contract for everyone but it is a sacred thing only to believers ... —Arthur C. Hill, Sherbrooke, Que.

Does he think tears and mournful predictions of a lonely, loveless life for the princess will affect her future happiness? I think not. She is bonnie, young and ready to face life with courage and optimism.—Mrs. L. L. Lang, Galt, Ont.

Many thanks for this human and warm article. It seemed to be forgotten there were two human beings tortured and suffering. This world doesn't deserve such sacrifices.—Mrs. O. Mogil, Montreal.

No one prevented Margaret from marrying Townsend. Evidently she considered the price too high ... —Constance Johnston, Toronto.

I admire Margaret for her moral stand.—J. T. Lindland, Calgary.

Beverley, dry your eyes.—W. J. Kemp, North Williamston, N.S.

Who's most feared now?

Who did you say is The Most Feared Football Player in Canada? (Nov. 26). —Peggy Hornby, Edmonton.

Sam Etcheverry.

Did you ever hear about Jackie Parker, Normie Kwong, Johnny Black, Rollie Miles?—H. D. Stephen, Meaford, Ont.

Yes.

A missing map maker

I thoroughly enjoyed the article, How Early Map Makers saw the West (Dec. 10). It was, however, a disappointment not to have seen the name of David Thompson in the article. Thompson was undoubtedly the outstanding map maker of our early island explorers. Among many achievements, he surveyed the entire Columbia River. —Allan Du Champs, Vancouver.

Hats off to barbershop!

Congratulations on Joan Doty's

They'd Rather Sing Than Eat (Dec. 10), and hats off from the eighty-seven members of our chapter.—J. A. Parsons, Winnipeg chapter, SPEBSQSA, Inc.

The sensible thing

The story, The Only Sensible Thing to Do (Dec. 10), while beautifully written, leaves me mystified. Up to the last paragraph I was certain that Bonny was a dog and that Mr. Macleod was about to shoot her. However, the closing sentences convinced me that Bonny was an idiot daughter, and, since one doesn't institutionalize idiot daughters on the spur of the moment at midnight, I can only suppose that he bumped her off anyway. Which was it—daughtercide or dogicide?—J. D. Dickson, Toronto.

The story tried to say that humans often have little compunction in doing away with unwelcome animals; and that an extension of such a philosophy would see humans doing away with other humans—presumably for their own good.

Be careful with that mink!

In your article, The Remarkable Flowering of Joe Bloor's Bog (Dec. 10), you referred to "this cerulean mink." I am sure you did this only through lack of information, but it constitutes misuse of this famous trade mark just as much as if you were to refer to a "chevrolet automobile." The reference was to the trade mark CERULEAN owned by Mutation Mink Breeders Association, a registered trade mark in Canada.—W. R. Meredith, Ottawa.

Bauline? No, Peggy's Cove!

Referring to the double-page picture in the Dec. 10 issue, accompanying Bruce Hutchison's article on Newfoundland and titled "The Port of Bauline," how could you get so far away? The picture is of Peggy's Cove, Halifax County, Nova Scotia.—M. Serriple, Halifax.

... Peggy's Cove!—Reginald Capel, Toronto.

... Understand that coastlines are continuously changing but never realized how much.—D. Whitman, Halifax.

... Port of Bauline?—B. Tomaner, The Glades, N.B.

... Ronny Jaques made a lovely study, but Peggy's Cove must be as well known as Niagara Falls.—Walter Moorhouse, Oakville, Ont.

... If that isn't Peggy's Cove, I'll eat all the codfish in Newfy.—H. A. Hunter, Thornhill, Ont.

... Bauline? ...—Lew De Mone, Halifax.

... My grandfather would turn over in his grave—he used to be lighthouse keeper at Peggy's Cove.—Donald L. Redmond, Toronto.

Macleod's apologizes for a colossal error, for which our editors, several of



whom simultaneously developed rocks in the head, accept full blame. The fault was neither writer Bruce Hutchison's nor photographer Ronny Jaques'.

The real Nova Scotia

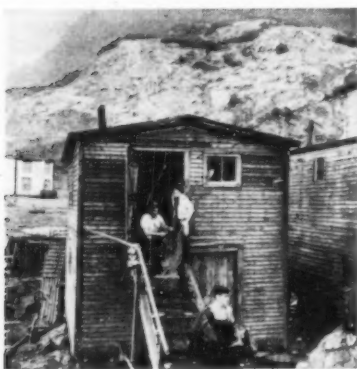
How the Highlanders took Nova Scotia, by John MacLure (Nov. 12), was so realistic to anyone who has visited Cape Breton. I have not read anything in years which I enjoyed so much.—Eva M. Newcomb, Lancaster, N.B.

"A Certain Amount of Indignation"

James Bannerman's article on Dr. Egerton Ryerson (The Gloomy Renegade Who Shaped Our Schools, Oct. 29) is, in my opinion, one of the finest short biographical portrayals having appeared in your magazine. No doubt this article will stir up a certain amount of Nonconformist indignation. However, I feel it was very fair, just and tolerant.—D. S. B. Hutcheon, Toronto.

... Its cruel title, its emphasis on Ryerson's lack of formal education with insufficient on his personal study habits (as a boy he studied from 3 to 6 a.m. and again in the evening, and at Hamilton studied Greek and Latin); its abbreviated treatment of his education systems, inspection tour of Europe (made "without imposing one farthing's expense upon the public") and the program of studies set up on his return (it included a broad course in religious studies also); its bulk of words playing up scandals (one without foundation), these combine to confirm my suspicion that Macleod's is dedicated to the task of "plucking feathers from the wings" of our national Caesars.—John W. Sigsworth, Lorne Park College, Ont. ★

With blushes, we correct our geography



At left: Bauline, Nfld.; at right: Peggy's Cove, N.S. As this issue went to press 18 readers—some with rightful scorn—had written to correct this staff blunder.

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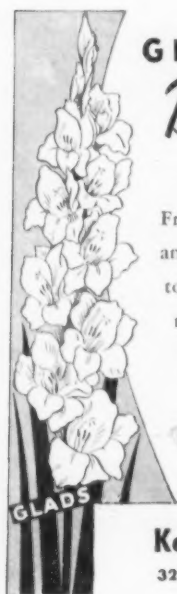
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Backstage at Ottawa

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

wealthiest of the private stations have the lowest standard in programs and show serious neglect of their obligations as parts of the national system."

In radio this didn't matter so much because costs of radio broadcasting are relatively low. In television they are colossal. The core of the whole problem that the Fowler Commission is asked to solve is money.

The CBC says in effect, "We don't object to competition, we welcome it. But we are already in a financial impasse from which nobody has offered us any escape. If we allow competitors to take a share of our commercial revenue, we just dig the hole a little deeper—and this before anybody's let down a ladder to get us out of the hole we're in now."

But the CBC's worry is oversimplified when it's put into terms of cash alone. The CBC insists that it could make plenty of money, wipe out all its deficits and operate at a handsome profit if that's what Canadians really want it to do. The trouble is that it can only make money by abandoning its main purpose in life—the provision of Canadian programs.

Already the pressure against Canadian programs is formidable. To bring in a popular commercial program from the U. S. not only costs nothing, it brings revenue too. To stage a Canadian show costs more money than most advertisers want to spend, especially if they are affiliates of American companies that are already paying for spectacular shows in the U. S. It is hard enough to find companies that will do this in order to get a whole television audience; offer them half an audience, or less, and you get even less response.

To provide Canadian television of about the present sort, at present levels of cost, requires fifteen dollars for every television set served. Why that should be a constant figure, nobody seems to know, but it is; the CBC's estimates of almost everything else in television proved to be wrong, but that one has been right.

With about two million sets in Canada, this means an annual outlay of about thirty million dollars. Six and a quarter millions come from advertising revenue. The fifteen percent tax on television sets provided about sixteen millions last year and may bring in as much this year. But soon the boom in TV sets must end as every family wanting one will have one; soon the revenue from the excise tax will go down—nobody knows how far, but down.

So what the CBC wants from the Fowler Commission is quite simple: money. Give us an assured annual revenue, it says, and then we shall know where we stand and be able to plan.

The government also wants the Fowler Commission to find a solution for the CBC's financial problem, but the government sees the problem from a slightly different angle. The difficulty is not to find the money; Ottawa can find it all right.

The hard question is: how much money? How can you put a ceiling on CBC outlays without doing what nobody wants to do, and placing the national broadcasting system under direct government supervision, like a department of the civil service?

When the CBC says it needs fifteen dollars for each television set, how is that figure calculated, the government wants to know, and how is the fifteen spent?

This doesn't imply any particular

criticism of the CBC. Most cabinet ministers know that their own departments spend more money per unit of output than a private corporation would have to spend; they know it even though, for various reasons, they may not be able to correct it. By simple inference they assume that the CBC has the same problem.

So the government wants the Fowler Commission to find, not so much a way of raising CBC revenue, but a way to put a ceiling on CBC revenue without impairing CBC's independence.

WHETHER OR NOT the Fowler Commission can produce this magic formula, it's generally regarded as able to make as good an attempt as any.

James Stewart, president of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, is probably the commissioner least known to the general public outside the business world. His friends describe him as a sound intelligent conservative (small c) who is unlikely to sign his name to any plan that doesn't make good financial sense.

Edmond Turcotte, who has lately been Canadian ambassador to Colombia, is a journalist by profession who once edited the Liberal Party's French-language organ, *Le Canada*, in Montreal. He is a liberal with a small as well as a capital "l"; he was an ardent supporter of General De Gaulle in the war, for example, when many of his fellow Quebecers sympathized with Marshal Pétain and the Vichy regime.

This was the reason for Turcotte's last major burst of publicity. He was appointed Canadian consul-general in Chicago about eight years ago. The U. S. ambassador in Ottawa then was Ray Atherton, who had been head of the State Department's European desk during the war and had never forgiven Turcotte's biting ridicule of the U. S. flirtation with the Vichy regime in France. Atherton took it upon himself to protest to the Canadian government against the appointment of this "anti-American" to the Chicago job. It had no effect on Turcotte's career but a good deal on Atherton's—Washington retired him soon after this incident.

Turcotte's present appointment has roused misgivings among people who think he is not "representative" of Quebec in the Age of Duplessis. Turcotte would be proud to agree that Premier Maurice Duplessis would never have appointed him to any job, but many people feel he will do a better job of enquiry into broadcasting than anyone Duplessis would be likely to approve.

The chairman of the commission, Robert Fowler, is president of the Canadian Pulp and Paper Association, but he is better known in Ottawa even now as one of Donald Gordon's chief aides in the Wartime Prices and Trade Board. Before that he worked with the Rowell-Sirois Commission in its study of Canada's constitutional structure in the late 1930s. By profession he is a lawyer who once practiced in Toronto and is still a nominal partner in a leading Ottawa firm. He is also a pillar of the Canadian Institute of International Affairs.

None of these bald facts can give an adequate notion of what a good appointment this is, though. Bob Fowler's is an unusually original mind, little grooved by platitude. He has now been saddled with a task all too familiar in this country—a problem dreadfully littered with immovable bodies, untouchable taboos and incompatible imperatives. Few Canadians are as well equipped as he to produce what the government hopes to get, namely a simple, obvious-looking answer that nobody has ever happened to think of. ★

The lonely children

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

nor to me. They made none of the happy noises of children at play. An attractive girl with long brown hair sat at a table, rolling out an endless procession of plasticine balls and quietly smiling to herself. A curly-headed boy faced the wall and rocked back and forth on his feet. He would frequently bring his hands close to his eyes and examine them. Another small boy went about the room exploring everything by taste, touch and smell. A chubby red-haired girl frequently burst out into a piercing shriek. Greta Fischer, the teacher-therapist, explained, "We don't know whether they're cries of anguish or delight. It's her own secret."

Speech was a problem. One child spoke rapidly and explosively. A few of the children didn't talk but expressed their feelings by a series of grunts and cries. Some uttered only an occasional few words. This speech weakness is not due to any inability to talk; the children simply don't feel the need to communicate with anybody. On occasion, some schizophrenic children surprise even their parents by showing that they possess extensive vocabularies. One five-year-old, previously mute, suddenly explained, "Mother, I want to inform you that I left the frying pan outside."

Because of their strange speech and strange silences there has been a tendency to consider schizophrenic children mentally retarded. Yet they frequently possess high intelligence; indeed, some of their accomplishments suggest genius. One five-year-old girl mastered English, French and Dutch. Another, aged two-and-a-half, memorized thirty-seven nursery rhymes. Some schizophrenic boys can draw complicated pieces of machinery from memory. Many juvenile schizophrenics prefer classical to popular music and can hum whole sections from difficult compositions. Others have a talent for painting.

"I can't love my child"

To a parent, childhood schizophrenia can be the most painful and bewildering of all afflictions. The child is apparently physically healthy and intelligent, yet his behavior is bizarre and unpredictable. By the time he is seven or eight, the parents are sometimes themselves on the verge of breakdown—as many mothers have testified to Dr. Taylor Statten, the chief of the psychiatric service at the Montreal Children's Hospital. "I'm exhausted. I sometimes feel that I just can't love my child any more," is a familiar complaint.

The symptoms vary with the individual child and with his age. In infancy the child may have a history of disturbed feeding, eating and sleeping. He may be a chronic head-banger. Past crib age he may bang his head against the wall so vigorously and continuously that he makes holes in the plaster. He won't do as he's told and any attempt to divert him from his own private world is met with loud angry cries of frustration. He may go on shrieking jags, wander miles away from home or jump off the roof in an effort to fly.

Because so little is known about the disease, psychiatrists can do relatively little to help the schizophrenic child and his parents. "It is a dangerously uncharted field," says Dr. D. G. McKerracher, a University of Saskatchewan psychiatrist. Definite knowledge is lacking about practically every phase of the disease. Is it inherited? Is it

due to the faulty development of the infant during pregnancy? Can an unhappy home environment bring it on? How prevalent is the disease? What course does it follow? To what extent can the sufferer be helped?

It was to find the answers to these and other questions that Ray Keeler, of Toronto, began the first systematic study in Canada of childhood schizophrenia. His study involves parents and relatives as well as the child. The parents are interviewed about their marriage relationship and their home life. They are given psychological tests

to determine their personality pattern. But the child himself, of course, is the main focus of the study.

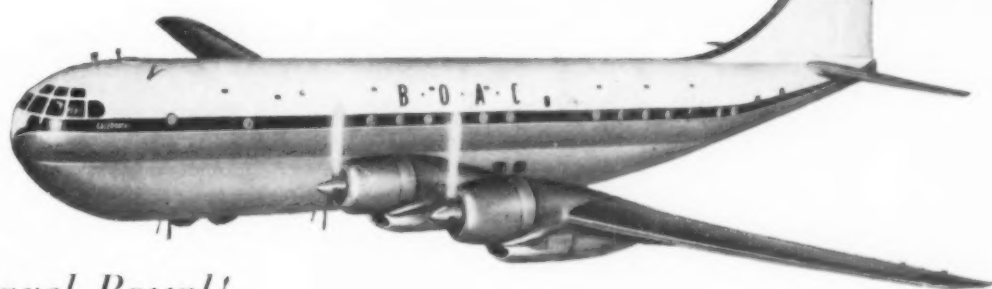
Keeler sets down all the details of his behavior and attitude. Every six months the doctor takes a sample of the child's speech on a tape recorder. One of the theories now being tested is that schizophrenia reflects, among other things, faulty development during the fetal period—that the trouble may be dated to the embryonic stage. In effect, this theory suggests that the child is born physically and emotionally underdeveloped.

One of the children recently studied was a four-year-old named Maria. I spent the better part of a day with the child, her mother and Ray Keeler.

Maria was the picture of health, her weight well above average, her skin clear and transparent. Up to the age of one and a half she had appeared to be developing normally. Then her mother noticed an abrupt change. She cried a great deal and refused to eat solid food. (Even at four, she still eats only milk, porridge, soft-boiled eggs and soup—refusing meat, fish or vegetables.) She liked to be alone. When

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In her stomach, said a schizophrenic girl, "bad Indians" told her what to do

called or told to do anything, she flew into a rage that sometimes lasted for hours. She seemed to understand people but she didn't talk to them. She was neither deaf, mute, nor mentally retarded.

Our first stop in reviewing Maria's history was at the hospital's motion-picture studio where film studies are made of the child's movements. "If the child is irregular in her movements, it reflects improper development of the central nervous system," Keeler explained. While waiting for the cameraman to get ready, Maria became absorbed in a swivel chair and swirled it back and forth several hundred times, as though hypnotized by the motion. When Keeler called to her, she paid no attention at first. Then she burst out into a shriek that sounded like "go-go-go-go," rushed to her mother and clung to her. Maria began shouting again when her shoes were being removed by her mother, on instructions from the doctor.

The camera started rolling. The child walked around barefooted with a peculiar duck-like gait, gesturing with her arms and fingers, and touching the floors and walls with her feet and hands. She bit smaller objects such as door knobs and ash trays. "Like many other schizophrenic children, she's exploring," said Keeler. "She's not sure where her body leaves off and where the rest of the world begins."

We went to the genetics department where prints are taken by placing the hand and foot on pieces of chemically treated paper. By studying the lines on the palm of the hand and the sole of the foot, the geneticist can tell if the development of the embryo during the first three months was normal. Ordinarily, the prints can be taken in a minute or so. But Maria vigorously objected to the technician touching her. "Go-go-go-go," she shrieked, and clung to her mother's neck.

In the X-ray room Maria was fascinated by an idle fan, and twirled the blades slowly with her finger. When the time came to sit in the X-ray chair, she balked. Finally, the radiologist, assisted by two other people, held her still while pictures were taken of her skull, hands and feet. (Keeler is trying to find out whether the bone structure of the schizophrenic child is fully developed.)

The last stop made was in the hematology department where samples of Maria's blood were taken. The aim of this test is to determine the proportion of fetal hemoglobin in the blood. A large amount of this type of hemoglobin is found in the normal infant at birth but, by the time he is one year old, it normally comprises only one percent. If a higher proportion is found in an older child, this is an indication of incomplete growth. Taking the blood sample led to another violent outburst by Maria. By now her mother was at the point of tears.

Keeler's findings will add to the present meager knowledge about childhood schizophrenia. Before 1933, the disease was seldom diagnosed. From his clinical observations has come a graphic close-up of the secret world of the lonely children. One of the commonest features is the victim's lack of awareness about the boundaries of his own body. Asked to draw a self-portrait, he draws his fingers as though they were tapering roots of a plant. Arms are shown coming off the head, hands are depicted as being directly attached to the body.

He spends much time examining the world about him. This he does primitively, by taste, touch and smell. One child smelled everything; he sniffed at the clothing and body of any new person who entered the house. Another tasted everything; a third explored the wallpaper continuously with his tongue. For the same reason some will often bite other children or even animals.

Gravity either terrifies him or preoccupies him. One eight-year-old told Keeler, "I have the feeling that I'm going to fly off the earth." Others reflect a feeling of anxiety by showing a fear of exploding, disintegrating or burning up. Some five-year-olds refuse to climb stairs or get on a tricycle, and often seek relief from this fear by clinging to somebody close to them. The schizophrenic child clings so tenaciously "his body seems to melt into yours," Keeler reports. "It's as though he is finding his own centre of gravitation by identifying with your own."

When gravity doesn't terrify him, it fascinates him. Some patients occasionally jump off roof tops, like the seven-year-old who explained, "I wanted to fly like a pigeon."

"It tells me to be bad"

Of all the things that torment the child schizophrenic perhaps the strangest are what psychiatrists call "introjected objects." Keeler has found that ninety percent of his patients between the ages of six and twelve are bothered by these "objects," which they describe as being two things, or persons, within their bodies. These objects speak to him, usually in a man's voice, the child will explain. One of the objects is bad and urges him to do bad things—set a fire, molest a baby, run away from home or kill a cat. The other is good and valiantly tries to dissuade him from his evil doing. "I've seldom had a patient who wasn't harassed by bitter conflicts within him between good and evil," says Keeler.

The young patient is usually reluctant to talk about these things. But, with skilful interviewing, the information can be elicited. After several preliminary questions, for example, Keeler asked one eight-year-old boy, "Are you a good or bad boy?"

"I'm both."

He tapped the patient's stomach. "What's in there?"

The normal child usually answers, "Blood and bones." The patient answered, "Something."

"What kind of thing?"

"It talks to me."

"What does it say?"

"It tells me to be bad—to yell and scream and hit anyone who makes me mad."

"Does anybody tell you to be good?"

"Yes. God. He's up here, inside my shoulder."

Other investigators have noted that the introjected objects assume different forms in different children. One spoke of "bad Indians in my stomach." A ten-year-old girl said there was a "bad witch" just below her heart, and that it entered and left her body through her mouth.

The introjected objects seem to follow a certain pattern of development. The bad ones are usually located by the patient on the left side of his body; the good ones on the right. In the six- and seven-year-old, the bad ones are located in the lower parts of the body, moving up as the child grows

older. With the onset of puberty, they emerge from within his body and are now perched on his shoulder, whispering into his ear. As time goes by, the "devils" are replaced by people known to the patient. He blames them directly for leading him into trouble and persecuting him. Thus is developed a full-blown paranoid state, or "persecution complex."

There are two opposing schools of thought as to the underlying cause of childhood schizophrenia. One maintains that the disease stems primarily from a biological defect in the body, starting from birth. Keeler's study is not yet complete but, to date, there is strong evidence to suggest that the schizophrenic child carries with him, from the date of conception, the potential to develop schizophrenia.

This coincides with the concept of the disease held by Dr. Lauretta Bender, the New York authority. According to Dr. Bender, the child is improperly developed in the womb. He starts life with a "biological lag" and he never quite catches up. His mind and body fail to acquire—both physically and mentally—the wisdom necessary to cope with the world. Dr. Bender doesn't rule out the importance of environment. The amount of love—or lack of it—will influence the pattern and severity of the illness. "No child," she emphasizes, "can develop schizophrenia unless he is predisposed to it by heredity. But it can be aggravated and precipitated by adverse psychological experiences."

The information that Keeler has so far gathered on the family background of his patients tends to support the theory that childhood schizophrenia is largely inherited. Among the relatives of twenty-seven children examined, there was an absence of mental illness in only twelve cases. This finding coincides with Lauretta Bender's conclusions after studying one hundred and forty-three patients: forty percent of them had one parent with a definite or suggested diagnosis of schizophrenia.

Keeler is also giving careful attention to the possible influence of home environment on his patients. He has noted one surprising thing: in one large group of parents studied, half were university graduates. (Only one percent of the Canadian population possesses a university degree.) Many of them were successful physicians, lawyers, business executives and artists, deeply interested in cultural activities. On the surface they were sociable people, but, searching deeper, Keeler found they were cool, withdrawn, unemotional personalities who failed to give much warmth to their children.

The marriage of these parents was usually contracted relatively late in life. There was a minimum of glamour and romance during the courtship, the selection being made primarily on the sharing of intellectual interests. Keeler is exploring the possibility that the children of such parents, failing to find warm emotional acceptance, tend to withdraw into themselves and thus development of the schizophrenic state is encouraged.

Dr. Leo Kanner, of Johns Hopkins University, flatly concludes, after studying fifty-five sets of parents, that schizophrenic children are reared in "an emotional refrigerator."

"On visits to the clinic," says Kanner, "I have noticed a lack of warmth between mother and child . . . When the mother is asked to take the child in her lap, she does so in a stilted manner. I have seen only one mother embrace her child warmly and bring her face close to his. It's as though the mother can't bear the physical proximity of the child."

"I believe that most of my parents

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were emotionally cold and gave a mechanical type of attention to material needs only. The child's act of withdrawal seemed to be an act of turning away from such a situation to seek comfort in solitude."

Not all psychiatrists, of course, agree with Kanner and Kanner himself points to a weakness in his argument. "One is entitled to know," he says, "why it is that such parents can rear other children who are not schizophrenic." Kanner's theory is further minimized by scores of case histories gathered by Keeler. It appears that the behavior of the schizophrenic child is different even before he is born.

In a large number of cases the child was extremely quiet during pregnancy. One mother, for example, recalled, "I went to the doctor after being pregnant for seven months, to find out if the child was dead or alive." Another mother said, "I never felt anything until a week before he was born, and even then only a slight amount of movement."

The parents recalled that, as infants their children were "different." They were apathetic and appeared to be happiest when alone. They were "lazy and indifferent," even to breast feeding. One mother described her child as "an inanimate object, like a small wooden log," when she held it in her arms. Their choice of toys tended to be mechanical objects with moving parts. They didn't like soft cuddly things like teddy bears.

In other groups of children, Keeler noted that, instead of being apathetic and quiet, many of the infants were excessively noisy, and there were serious problems in eating and sleeping. All of which, says Keeler, suggests the presence of a good deal of anxiety.

Keeler has noted other features commonly found in the early years of some schizophrenics. These are to be found, to some extent, in all children, but in the schizophrenic they are more intense and they persist longer. There is a ritualistic, obsessional behavior, for example. Some children spend hours tearing paper, turning light switches on and off, screwing and unscrewing a nut and bolt. Then too, schizophrenics tend to have morbid fears of a great many objects, including old people, tall buildings, trees and colored dishes.

To what extent can such confused, anxious and disturbed children be helped by science? This question may be in the process of being partially answered at the Montreal Children's Hospital. Each child under study there spends one hour a week with a psychiatrist or clinical psychologist. In groups of six, they spend three half-days a week at the day-treatment centre. Finally, the mothers and fathers meet in groups, once a week, with psychiatrists and psychiatric social workers, to learn how they can best cope with the problem at home.

In the hour-long patient-doctor sessions, the doctor does all he can to establish a relationship with the child. "If the youngster can learn to get along with one person, he's got a chance of getting along with others," says Dr. Brian Hunt, of the hospital staff. The doctor tries to meet the child at his own level. If the patient can't talk, the doctor will grunt, yell and shriek along with him as a sign of willingness to share his activity. If the child can talk, the doctor will encourage him to discuss his fears. Often the doctor will take the child in his arms and rock with him—a favorite activity of most schizophrenic patients. As he holds him, the doctor will point out to the child the various parts of his body. Even after several months there may be little overt sign of improvement. "But if you switch therapists," says



Hunt, "it has a disturbing effect on the child."

At the day-treatment centre—gaily painted and full of toys—there are two teacher-therapists for each group of six children. The main purpose of these sessions is to help the child play and work with other people, as well as to make the most use of his abilities.

Speech is encouraged. A little girl pointed to a plastic toy on a high shelf, indicating that she wanted it. Greta Fischer, the senior teacher-therapist, refused her obvious request, asking over and over again, "What do you want?" After a few minutes, the child replied, "I want that toy." Miss Fischer explained that this child, like others, is able to talk but will refuse to do so without encouragement.

When one child struck another, Miss Fischer ran over and comforted the attacker. "It's usually the aggressor who needs help," she explained. "He's more frightened and anxious than the other child."

Parents discover themselves

Perhaps the most important part of the treatment program is the weekly group sessions attended by the mothers and fathers of the schizophrenic children. For years they have grappled with their problem alone. With a group of other parents who have the same problem, the feeling of loneliness and helplessness vanishes.

At the group meetings the parents are not given any neat formula for handling their children. It is an experience of self-discovery. Each is helped to examine his own feelings toward the child and to adjust to the situation. Discussions usually centre on the parents themselves and their own reactions and attitudes.

What does the future hold for the schizophrenic child? Taylor Statten, chief of psychiatric service at the Montreal hospital, says, "We don't know how many will grow up to be reasonably normal adults or how many will have to spend the rest of their lives in mental institutions." It is true that as they grow older, some patients show surprising improvement. There are some former juvenile schizophrenics who are now attending university. At the Children's Centre, in Boston, officials claim that one third of their graduates show marked improvement, but how long the improvement will last

is not known. One third, it appears, require at least partial supervision in the community; the final third have to be committed to mental institutions.

Statistics gathered by other authorities are less cheerful. Lauretta Bender did a follow-up study of one hundred and forty-three adults she had treated as children: over eighty percent of them were in mental hospitals. When Leo Kanner, of Johns Hopkins University, traced his juvenile schizophrenic patients after sixteen years, he found that seventy percent of them were hospitalized. Dr. Bender and other investigators were also gloomy about the long-term benefits of such treatments as electric shock and prefrontal lobotomy. The patient who has undergone such treatment, they report, shows some temporary improvement, then lapses into his accustomed style of behavior.

Authorities such as Keeler say that, if the outlook for the schizophrenic child is to grow brighter, we must embark on a vigorous program of treatment and research. Placing these children in institutions for the rest of their lives is a costly solution both in human and economic terms.

Present facilities for the schizophrenic child in Canada are practically non-existent. His condition is seldom detected; instead, he is classified in a mixed diagnostic grab bag along with mental retardation, deafness, muteness, and psychopathic personality.

Ray Keeler, of Toronto's Sick Children's Hospital, says, "The problem of the schizophrenic child is like the problem of old age. Although our treatment methods are not yet fully effective, we can learn new techniques of managing it." Keeler suggests a variety of services—day-treatment centres for pre-school children; small, residential cottage-type institutions for school-age children; special hospital wards for "incurable" patients; and observation centres in our main cities where youthful patients can be diagnosed and sent to the appropriate place for treatment or care.

In all these places, our best medical brains should be studying the children and conducting research, says Keeler. For if our scientists can enter the bewildering inner world of the child schizophrenic and successfully explore it, thousands of wasted lives may be salvaged and millions of dollars may be saved. ★

Madcaps with a mission

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

invent a slogan for local Jaycees, to suggest, "No Shirt Too Young to Stuff."

Understandably, it was ignored in favor of the more uplifting "Young Men of Action," for Jaycees take their self-improvement work earnestly. Their personal creed embodies all that is sublime about the Ten Commandments, marriage vows and the Wolf Cub law. In fact, an article in *Future*, the U. S. Junior Chamber's magazine, was once titled, "Jesus would have been a Jaycee."

A case can also be made for the Jaycees as zany young pranksters, for they often behave like boys on a weekend pass from Scout camp. During a national convention in 1951, for instance, ten Calgary delegates on horseback galloped around Quebec City on a Sunday afternoon, yelling and hooting and shooting off six-guns. They were detained by the local gendarmes for three hours. Next day a Quebec newspaper headlined the incident, "*Les Enfants Terribles*."

When Jaycees clown, however, there is usually a method to their madness. Last fall the same cut-ups from Calgary dressed up in white Stetsons, red vests and black string ties and took over a gas station for a day. With a dentist checking oil and a young surgeon pumping tires, they raised three hundred dollars. The proceeds went to Operation Brotherhood, by which two hundred and fifty thousand Jaycees in fifty lands—living up to their credo that "the brotherhood of man transcends the sovereignty of nations"—are providing free medical clinics for refugees in Vietnam, Indo-China.

It is, however, at the community level, whittling away at problems that hit them where they live, that Junior Chambers have their greatest impact. Last year the Junior Chamber of Ridgeway, Ont., had thirteen committees at work on various projects. Its total roster was nine men. Four years ago the Jaycees of Goderich, Ont., concluded that the trouble with Goderich was—of all things—the senior Board of Trade; it hadn't lured any industry to town in twenty years. So the Jaycees went to work. For two years they wrote to manufacturers in Canada, the U. S. and England, extolling the sites, power, transportation, labor and markets that Goderich had to offer.

Then, one day in 1953, three men from Cleveland called on Cecil Hoffman, the live-wire Jaycee chairman. "We've seen your propaganda," one of them said. Hoffman listened for two minutes, then phoned Mayor John Huckins. "I think we've landed a beaut!" he said.

They had indeed—a million-dollar Sheaffer Pen Co. plant that now employs one hundred and seventy-five Goderich people. Moreover, in the meantime the senior Board of Trade quietly died. The Jaycees are now trying to revive it.

Jaycees frequently put their elders to shame. In St. John's, Nfld., recently, they succeeded where official deputations to Ottawa had failed; they got the local airport road paved by the simple expedient of painting a sign. "End of provincial highway," it read. "Start of federal washboard."

Using the needle to spur action in the public interest is only one item in the Jaycees' bag of tricks. Before the last federal election a thin young man strolled around Amherst, N.S., wearing

nothing but a barrel bearing the legend, "All I've got left is the right to vote. I'm rich." Behind him came other Jaycees, decked out as Indians. "If you're not going to vote," said their banner, "give the country back to us." Amherst's citizens gaped, laughed—and voted in record numbers.

When Port Colborne Jaycees conducted a similar get-out-the-vote campaign, two thousand school children wrote essays on "How My Mom and Dad Can Help Me by Voting." Collected by the Jaycees, the essays were mailed without comment to the par-

ents. The result was a big jump in local voting.

Sometimes, however noble their aim, the Jaycees goof. Last year the Halifax Junior Board of Trade placed "I Have Voted" pins in all civic polling booths, then offered a new bicycle to the child who collected the most pins from the voters. The lure was good, too good. Schools reported that kids were playing hooky to collect pins. Teachers complained. So did some voters who were mobbed by a dozen boys and had buttons—any buttons—torn from their coats.

Though individual members may take part in partisan politics, Junior Chambers as such are obliged to maintain a strict neutrality. Therefore, it caused no small stir, several years back, to have a Jaycee in Victoria reporting to national headquarters, "We are hard at work, studying Karl Marx." Official fears were soon dispelled, however, when it turned out that the Victoria men, weary of seeing healthy political meetings disrupted by well-coached Communists, were merely fighting fire with fire. In a short time they showed up at all Red-line rallies, armed with



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When Canada hankered for U.S. dollars the Jaycees went hunting—with cap-guns

loaded questions for the speakers.

Jaycees have long used their outlandish brass-band techniques to promote traffic safety. To shock passers-by they often display blood-spattered automobile wrecks or send out some willing Jaycee, bandaged and adrip with tomato ketchup, to ask unwary pedestrians, "Are your feet killing you?" Occasionally a traffic-safety stunt backfires, as one did in 1943 when Toronto Jaycees dangled luminous cardboard skeletons at dangerous intersections. The skeletons came down after a woman woke Mayor Fred Conboy early one morning, screaming with fear, and after several motorists who'd been involved in accidents pleaded that the skeletons had distracted them.

Where pranks fail the Jaycees are ever ready with positive action. Over the partying season of Christmas and New Year's, in 1954, there were no arrests for drunk or impaired driving in Chatham, Ont.—chiefly because local Jaycees provided free chauffeurs for motorists who'd taken too many for the road. But the biggest Jaycee traffic safety promotion is the National Teenage Safe Driving Road-e-o. Backed by the All Canada Insurance Federation, an association of companies writing auto, fire and casualty insurance, it tests twenty-five thousand high-school students across the country on their knowledge of traffic laws and their ability to take a car through difficult obstacle courses. Progressing from local to regional to national finals, the best three drivers collect cash prizes totaling \$1,750.

It is a rare day when the mail arriving at Jaycee national headquarters, in the Montreal Board of Trade Building, doesn't contain at least one report of some new Jaycee project. Many reports arrive to be entered in Canadian or world-wide public-service competitions. Almost all find their way into the pages of *The Jaycee*, a bright monthly tabloid newspaper edited by twenty-eight-year-old Denton Ogilvie, from Truro, N.S. "Just about anything that needs doing is fair game for a Jaycee project," says Ogilvie. "We get stories on some really fine jobs—and some really screwy ones."

One such story recounted how twenty-five Jaycees in Prince George, B.C., learning that Britain's illustrious

Grenadier Guards had run out of bearskins for their shaggy ceremonial headgear, promptly took to the woods. Three of them got lost. Another nearly shot his foot off. The expedition ended in total failure. But the Jaycees still came through. Buying bear pelts from better hunters, they have sent more than a hundred to the Grenadiers to date.

Equally resourceful was the attempt Canada's biggest Jaycee chapter made several years ago to clean up Toronto. Well aware that parades draw crowds, the Jaycees marched on city hall with a curious array of brooms, pushcarts, fire engines, garbage trucks, Highland pipers and Miss Beautiful Toronto. Then, by way of urging citizens to spruce up their houses, they painted one in an hour. Not being professionals, they first made the owner promise not to kick if his windows were inadvertently painted over, as several were.

And, in 1949, only the intervention of police prevented Kamloops, B.C., Jaycees from staging a mock holdup of a bank in Spokane, Wash., to emphasize Canada's hankering for American dollars. Having dressed up and grown beards for the lark, they had a cap-gun fight in the city's main downtown intersection anyway.

If some Jaycee projects are ludicrous, others are decidedly serious undertakings. In 1951 Jaycees in Kamloops were asked by the Red Cross to conduct a blood-donor drive. They guaranteed five hundred pints, though Kamloops had never before given more than four hundred. First, all the Jaycees offered their own veins for tapping. Then, when the drive bogged down, they went to a local radio station and asked for air time. They got it. By the time the Jaycees were done talking, 1,024 people had left home—in thirty-below weather—to give a pint of blood.

For the past two years Regina Jaycees have been helping to rehabilitate discharged patients from mental hospitals. At the Bowmanville, Ont., Training School, men from the nearby Oshawa chapter formed a club—Junior Jaycees—a few years ago. Its members, forty-two boys from eight years to eighteen, elect officers and have their own projects, such as sports and debating.



"We don't preach to them," says Don Brown, an Oshawa Jaycee. "We just try to steer them toward good citizenship and give them new interests." When each boy is released at the end of his sentence he is directed to some Jaycee in his home town who may be able to help him keep out of trouble. Some eventually become regular Jaycees.

It was a similar concern for the youth of the nation that prompted Vancouver Jaycees to launch a controversial campaign in 1954. Many instances of juvenile delinquency, they concluded after a private survey, could be traced to the harmful example of "comic books of the horror, crime and sexy type." So, by exchanging good books for bad, they rounded up eight thousand copies of Ghoulish Funnies, Capone Comics and the like and staged a public bonfire. The incident, smacking of Hitler's book burnings, brought loud protests from across the country and the Jaycees decided never to repeat it.

For the spiritual uplift of adults as well as children, Jaycees in most centres erect Nativity scenes each Christmas as a silent reminder, amid the commercial jangle, that the feast has deeper significance. Jaycees of all denominations help to build the creches: in Hamilton the idea was broached by a Jew.

Somebody forgot the ice

As varied as their projects are the ways Junior Chambers find to finance them. In St. Paul, Alta., Jaycees raised more than forty-five thousand dollars by sponsoring bingo games. Then they pitched in and built an arena worth seventy-five thousand, presented it to the town and now hold bigger and better bingos there. When a circus came to Ottawa the Jaycees held it over for an extra "Celebrities Night," the proceeds going to charity. Local VIPs, including Mayor Charlotte Whittow, played minor parts in the circus acts and Alderman Dick Barber—himself a Jaycee—rode fifty feet above the ground on the shoulders of a high-wire bicyclist.

In Williams Lake, B.C., Jaycees organized a system of pari-mutuel betting at a country fair race track and used the profits to buy Christmas presents for orphans. And in the middle of Dawson Creek they set up the most famous signpost in Canada—the Alaska Highway's Mile Zero. Last year the Jaycees sold more than five thousand replicas of it to tourists to raise money for a new hospital.

Some fund-raising schemes of Canadian Jaycees have gone askew, for various reasons, but none as spectacularly as one in San Francisco a few years back. There the Junior Chamber decided to sponsor a huge ice carnival. They booked an arena, engaged a traveling skating troupe, printed programs, hired a band, staged a parade, brought celebrities in from Hollywood and sold every ticket. When the audience showed up on opening night the Jaycees discovered that—heavens to Barbara Ann!—they'd forgotten to tell the arena to make ice. They were a year straightening out the mess.

Once a year most Junior Chamber chapters send delegates to the national Jaycee convention. "When we get together," says Denton Ogilvie, the Jaycee newspaper editor, "we play like hell and we work like hell." They usually arrive dressed for play. Some wear cowboy suits or Elizabethan costumes. Others affect straw boaters and light-up bow ties, pith helmets, sou'westers, Indian headdresses, beanies or Davy Crockett caps of past skunk fur. Not long ago a group of past

national presidents came to a convention breakfast dressed in baby bonnets and diapers. They sat down to no meal Dr. Spock, the well-known specialist in baby care, ever recommended—steak with gin Collins.

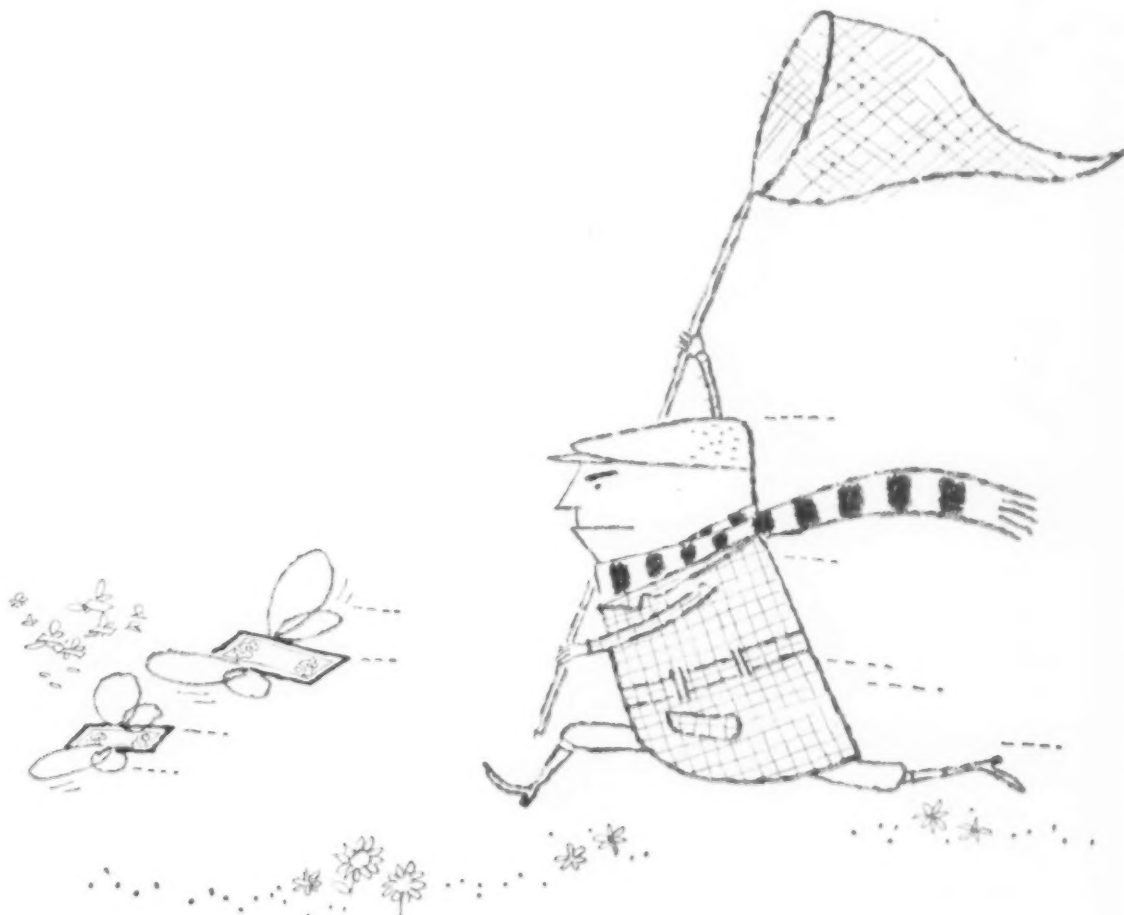
As reports on many a police blotter can testify, Jaycees dearly love to whoop it up at conventions. In Colorado Springs, Col., a few years ago, cops, firemen and ambulances were summoned to a hotel where American Jaycees were in annual conclave. Up on the roof stood a young man, evidently about to end it all.

Safety nets were rigged below while loud-speakers pleaded with him not to jump. Then, as soon as a good crowd had gathered, he unfurled a huge banner emblazoned with the name of a candidate for the Jaycee presidency. He then vanished back inside the hotel.

It is the steadfast claim of Junior Chamber officials that, between antics, their conventions are regular hives of solemn activity, what with lengthy debates on affairs of state, seminars on everything from letter writing to office politics, elections and the considera-

tion of resolutions. In recent years the Jaycees have resolved in favor of free enterprise, a Canadian coast guard, sex education, a Canadian flag, legalized lotteries to pay for schools and simultaneous French and English translations for the House of Commons—a convenience Jaycee conventions themselves enjoy—and they have come out foursquare against communism and any further increase in the income tax.

The Junior Chamber movement began forty years ago in St. Louis, Mo., when a young businessman named Henry Giessenbier founded the Young



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This gentleman's pursuit is as futile as it is frantic. He will not recapture the odd dollar bills that fly away in aimless spending!

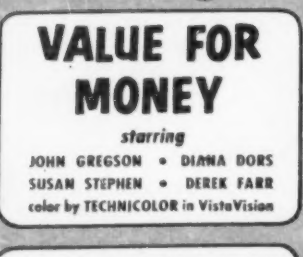
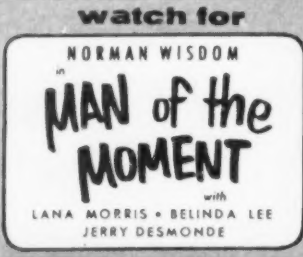
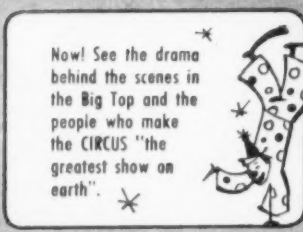
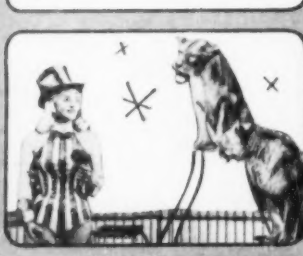
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Men's Civic Progressive Association. The high purpose of its members was to improve themselves by serving their community. Given warm support in this ideal by the local Chamber of Commerce, they adopted the name Junior Chamber in 1917 but remained independent of their senior counterparts, as all Jaycee chapters are to this day.

On the slogan "Young men can change the world," the movement that now touches five continents spread rapidly around the globe. It reached Winnipeg in 1923. Since then more than one hundred thousand young Canadians — professional men, ministers, clerks and factory hands—have pledged themselves to the belief, stated in the Jaycee creed, "that earth's greatest treasure lies in human personality and that service to humanity is the best work of life."

The current national Jaycee president is Ross Smyth, a thirty-four-year-old TCA flight dispatcher in Montreal who believes that the Jaycee movement is performing a great service for the nation. "We're providing something every country can use more of," he says, "good solid leadership."

It is to the realm of political affairs that the Junior Chamber movement seems to have turned out the most leaders. When a Junior Chamber was formed in Prescott, Ont., shortly after World War II, its first project was a course in effective public speaking. Within two years every member of its executive had been elected to the town council. The pressure of new duties forced them to resign as Jaycees and the chapter folded for lack of leadership. It has since been revived.

There are more than a score of past or present Jaycees in the House of Commons, including Fisheries Minister James Sinclair and Northern Affairs Minister Jean Lesage. Mr. Justice Abbott, of the Supreme Court of Canada, was once a prominent Jaycee, as was Arnold Heeney, the Canadian ambassador to Washington. Municipal governments often resemble Junior Chamber reunions. On the Montreal City Council there are fourteen ex-Jaycees, among them the chairman of the executive council, Pierre DesMarais, and Marcel Lafaille, the council leader. Among the most distinguished Jaycee alumni must be counted Gen. Carlos Romulo, of the Philippines, who was president of the United Nations General Assembly in 1949; Senator Estes Kefauver, the American crime-buster; and U.S. Vice-President Richard Nixon.

It was Nixon who paid the Jaycee movement one of its most striking tributes. "If the Junior Chamber creed could be used as a basis for the education of the youth of the world," he declared not long ago, "we would never have to concern ourselves with thoughts other than for peace."

This is lofty praise, indeed, but it doesn't seem to have gone to the heads of many Jaycees. They still go their unorthodox way, turning cartwheels in the public interest. Recently Jaycees in Halifax decided they needed a larger membership — fast — to further their good works. So chairman Don LeBlanc, a CBC employee, presented a fat live rabbit to a fellow Jaycee. "You've got to keep her until you sign up a new member," LeBlanc said. "Then you can pass her on to someone else. And you'd better step on it—she's very, very pregnant."

Aware of rabbits' talents for rapid multiplication, the man came up with a recruit in twenty minutes. In two days the Jaycees had all the new members they wanted and LeBlanc repossessed the rabbit, never revealing that it was just a plump he. ★

London letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

that was to follow with Lenin and Trotsky as the stars.

Some time later I talked with Keren-sky in London. He had the typical round head of the Muscovite but his mind was tuned to the civilization of the West. "I gave Russia five months of freedom," he said, "and once a nation has known freedom even for five months it will never rest until it is free again."

Philosophically he may have been right but he forgot one thing. The conditions under which the mob can overthrow its rulers by violence are now a thing of the past. If Louis XVI had had a dozen machine guns the French Revolution might never have taken place. Only in the democracies are the people strong enough to overthrow their rulers.

Therefore we face this paradox: the rulers of Russia today can afford neither total peace nor total war. If there were peace the Western world would grow more and more prosperous with a steadily rising standard of living for the people. In time that would destroy the Russian revolution, for the Mus-

I have it both ways

Ah, week-end guest, I don't know why I always hate to say good-by— But something else you ought to know: I also hate to say hello.

F. J. BLACKWELL

covites would not be content and therefore would not remain silent.

Yet Russia cannot go to war on the grand scale because as a nation she is a concentrated target, whereas the Western allies spread across the seas. General Gruenther, the brilliant American commander-in-chief of the NATO forces in Europe, has made no secret of his belief that if war with Russia broke out today the effective resistance of the Soviet would be a matter of weeks—and not very many of them.

It may well be the realization of this fact that brought about the startling change of front in the Kremlin. Stalin was no more—and no one believes that his departure from this world was caused by a cold in his head. Even the Kremlin cannot hide its secrets from the eyes of history.

Russia's cold war was lost by two events: 1. Truman's instantaneous action when north Korea attacked the south; 2. when Britain and America organized the airlift to west Berlin.

A revolutionary government cannot risk defeat in the field or in diplomacy. Yet neither can it remain inactive. So Molotov, the man of iron, became the ambassador of goodwill to the West. Geneva was the permanent gathering point of jolly old pals. Caviar and champagne were the weapons of the new diplomacy and there was no shortage of either.

Instead of being a fortress, Moscow became almost a Butlin holiday camp. The lord mayor of London went there and came back full of enthusiasm. "I was allowed to see everything," he told us during a banquet at the Mansion House, but mayors are like that.

While everyone was hailing this happy change there was a distinguished Egyptian visitor to London trying to get a hearing. "I warn you," he said, "that the Russians are coming into the Middle East. They are sending arms from Czechoslovakia so that

Egypt can make war on Israel. Unless you act quickly you will see the Arabs rising all over."

The verdict of the Londoners whom he met was that he was probably a rich man suffering from nerves. That may have been true but when a little later Egypt attacked Israel we wished we had taken more account of his words.

But there was one figure more important to Russian eyes than any emir or caliph. What of that handsome melancholy mystic, Pandit Nehru, who achieved the miracle of changing India into a republic within the orbit of the British Commonwealth?

Marshal Bulganin and party leader Khrushchev arrived in India with beaming faces and were cheered wherever they appeared. The Indians have a love of pomp and those representatives of a people's communist state were doing things on a scale that brought back memories of the great days of the viceroys. But something went wrong. Mr. Narayan, general secretary of Nehru's Congress Party, made a public speech in which he quoted Gandhi as saying: "Lenin's cult will not take root in India's soil."

The Russians were hurt. They really were. How could it be that a down-trodden people, held in slavery for so many years by bestial British imperialism, would dare to allow their spokesman to quote such an offensive statement? Surely Mr. Nehru would have the offender liquidated or at least flogged.

Not for the first time the Muscovite was puzzled by the phenomenon of Great Britain and her family of nations. Here was Nehru who languished in prison at the hands of the British tyrants now telling his Russian guests that India was content to be a republic within the British Commonwealth.

How could a republic be part of a commonwealth whose titular head was a queen? Nor was India the only example. There was Eire, which fought so long for her liberty, and then doesn't take it when it is offered.

I have no doubt that more than once on this visit Mr. Khrushchev and Marshal Bulganin said to each other: "How can we Muscovites ever hope to understand the mysteries of the inscrutable West?"

At any rate the Russian government decided to let off the biggest atomic bomb yet. It was no doubt an enormous bang but it did not make as much stir in Britain as when, almost at the same time, a British foreign-office official stated publicly that he considered Marshal Bulganin hypocritical.

I am proud to tell you that he was at once demoted in rank although it was his only lapse in ten years. If diplomats start saying what they think, where are we?

* * *

Let me end where I began. When Peter Brook threw the camera up the aisle it was because he wanted the audience to concentrate on those words:

To be, or not to be:
That is the question.

It is the question before the whole world today. In Britain we have a feeling that the world will never see real peace nor real war again. But can Russia take the gamble of peace?

We think she has no alternative. She will stir up trouble in the undeveloped territories of the world. She will try to urge Germany to fight a war for reunification. But she will not get far.

Civilization has at last learned its lesson and is armed with mighty weapons. I believe that another world war is not to be. ★

IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

The faces behind our new bylines

Last year Maclean's introduced to its readers eleven Canadian article writers who had not appeared in the magazine before.

We're happy to report that some of them have since sold us other articles and that several are working on

future pieces for us which will be appearing in upcoming issues. Meanwhile we thought you might like to have a look at some of them and know who they are. We hope and expect to hear a good deal from them all in the months and years to come.



JOAN DOTY, one of our staff writers, described the Hadassah bazaar; a mission that feeds the hungry; barbershop quartets.



DUNCAN McLEOD, a freelance writer at Niagara Falls, wrote about the ravaged fruitlands and the rip-roaring past.



NORMAN DePOE, a CBC editor, revealed some of the mysteries of blood and how automation can change our lives.



PETER NEWMAN, writer with The Financial Post, told about the Volkswagen's comeback and a firm selling weather forecasts.



LESLIE BELL, noted musician, told why he left TV; how to help your child like music; and supported subsidies for art.



FRANKLIN RUSSELL, editor on a Maclean-Hunter periodical. Electrical Contractor, told how we're fooled by the crafty crow.



A sentimental silhouette

Oscar Cahen, this cover to the contrary, is not a skiing enthusiast. But, for reasons he prefers not to go into, he was at the ski centre of Collingwood, Ont., one day when the short winter sun was flicking over the snow slopes. He took off his mitts to sketch some arrangements of skis stuck in a drift with their long and purple shadows. A sentimental editor, who was once at a ski resort himself, added the touch of romance.

You'll be the envy of your friends...

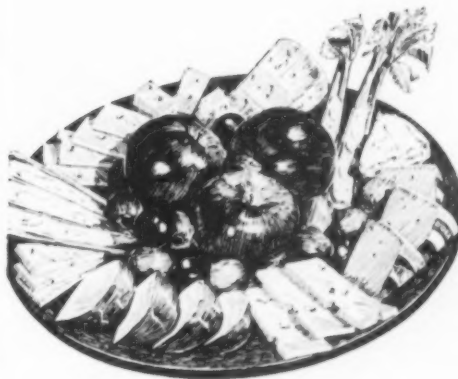


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BACH

Toccata and Fugue in D Minor
Alexander Schreier at the Organ of the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City

DUKAS

Sorcerer's Apprentice
Utrecht Symphony, Happers, Cond.

CHOPIN

Fantaisie-Improvise, Opus 66
Robert Goldsand, Pianist

MOZART

Symphony No. 36 in E Flat, K. 184
Netherlands Philharmonic Orch.,
Otto Ackermann, Cond.

BRAHMS

The Academic Festival
Utrecht Symphony, Fast Happers, Conducting

BERLIOZ

The Roman Carnival
Netherlands Philharmonic, Walter Goehr, Cond.

WAGNER

Die Meistersinger, Prelude, Act 1
Zurich Tonhalle Orch., Ackermann, Cond.

VIVALDI

Concerto in C for Two Trumpets and Orchestra
H. Kees, piano, Netherlands Phil. Orch.,
Netherlands Philharmonic Orch., Otto Ackermann, Cond.

BEETHOVEN

Piano Sonata No. 24 in F Sharp, Opus 78
Grant Johnson, Pianist

MUSSORGSKY

Night on Bald Mountain
Netherlands Philharmonic Orch., Walter Goehr, Conducting

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1. DVOŘAK: Symph. No. 5, "From the New World"; Zurich Tonhalle Orch., Ackermann, cond.

2. TCHAIKOVSKY: Violin Concerto; Odessa Phil. Orch., Goehr, cond.

3. MOZART: Piano Concerto No. 24, Johannessen, solo; Ackermann, cond.

4. BACH: Magnificat in D; Scherer, Reinhardt, Chorus; Winterthur Symph. Orch., Happers, cond.

5. BEETHOVEN: Piano Concerto, "Emperor"; H. Kees, piano; Netherlands Phil. Orch., Ackermann, cond.

6. BIZET: Symphony in C; Utrecht Symph. Orch., Happers, cond.

7. VIVALDI: The Four Seasons; L. Kaufman, violin; H. Swoboda, cond.

8. SCHUMANN: Piano Concerto; Newmarket, piano; Goehr, cond.

9. HAYDN: Trumpet Concerto; Wolschick, solo; Chorus; Vienna Op. House, cond.

10. SCHUBERT: Piano Quintet, "Trout"; P. Pauer, piano; Winterthur Quart.

11. MOZART: "Jupiter" Symphony and Symphony No. 17; Winterthur Symph. Orch., Ackermann, cond.

12. CHOPIN: Piano Concerto No. 1; Mewson-Wood, piano; Goehr, cond.

13. BACH: Violin Concerto No. 2; Chaconne; R. Ochoyoff, violin; Netherlands Phil. Orch., Goehr, cond.

14. RIMSKY-KORSAKOV: Capriccio, Beggared; Iones and March from "Cap d'Ore"; MUS-

SSORGSKY: Intro to "Khorvanchina"; V. Denner, cond.

15. DEBUSSY: Quatre in G; Pascal String Quartet; Soloists; Ackermann, cond.

16. BEETHOVEN: Appassionata and "Moonlight" Sonatas; Kees, piano.

17. BUCH: Violin Concerto; Paganini; La Campanella; R. Ochoyoff, violin; Netherlands Phil. Orch., Goehr, cond.

18. MOZART: Clarinet Quintet in A; P. Simeone, clarinet; Pascal Quart.

19. SAINT-SAËNS: Violin Concerto No. 3; Havasi, violin; Ackermann, cond.

20. MOZART: Symphonies Nos. 40 and 34; Netherlands Phil. Orch., H. Swoboda, cond.

21. GOLDMARK: Rustic Wedding; Symph. Orch.; Vienna State Op. H. Swoboda, cond.

22. BEETHOVEN: Symph. No. 7; Zurich Tonhalle Orch.; Ackermann, cond.

23. CHOPIN: Sonata No. 2; Fantaisie-Improvise; R. Goldsand, piano.

24. HAYDN: "Surprise" and "Military" Symphonies; Netherlands Phil. Orch., Ackermann, cond.

25. FRANCK: Symphony in D minor; Netherlands Phil. Orch., Goehr, cond.

26. STRAVINSKY: Firebird and Piano Concerto; Netherlands Phil. Orch.; Mewson-Wood, piano; Goehr, cond.

27. SCHUBERT: Symph. No. 3, and Fantasy and Rondo for Piano and Orch.; Happers, cond.; F. Pauer, piano.

28. PROKOFIEV: Violin Concerto No. 1; R. Ochoyoff, violin; Holler, cond.

29. RICHTER: Piano, Kondrashin, cond.

30. DVOŘAK: "American" Quartet; Pascal Quart.; Larnard; Chorus; Vienna Op. House, cond.

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ALTHOUGH the year has barely begun we are all ready with a nomination for the annual Beaver awards to radio and TV performers, this one for the best dramatic performance by a news announcer. Our nominee is the fellow on CKVR-TV, in Barrie, Ont., who stood it as long as he could then rolled up his news script and took after the fly that had been buzzing him while he tried to read the headlines.

And while we're at it, we'd better tip off the judges who hand out the governor-general's awards for literary achievement to watch the work of a seven-year-old girl essayist in Wellington Street School, Elmsdale, N.S. We present unabridged, the following sample turned in after teacher assigned the topic, "A happy time":

I was happy when our cat had baby kittens.
Mother was not.

A young nurse in a Vancouver hospital saw a strange man at a table in the diet kitchen slicing an orange and grapefruit with a sharp-pointed kitchen knife. "You'd better be careful, you might cut yourself," she fussed at him, and shooed him out the door as soon as he was through. Still upset, she demanded of another nurse who was that man, anyway? "I don't know his name," was the reply, "but he's that famous surgeon who's visiting here—on a diet and likes to make his own salads."

Folks in the district around Glidden, Sask., are proud of the identical twins who can never be told apart, occupy similar houses on adjoining farms, always manage to get their

is finding it a bit difficult. Told he must have a native-born sponsor, he asked the woman next door, who had already proved a sympathetic and helpful neighbor, if she would



sponsor him. "Oh, I'm sorry but I couldn't do that," she apologized. "I was born in Ontario."

Timmins, Ont., scored some sort of an early-winter record for that province when it was blanketed by thirty-nine inches of snow in one night. But even this wouldn't have impressed a school teacher at Richmond Hill, far to the south, after the shock he had when a blizzard blew up. The roads were so clogged by the time school was out he didn't think he'd ever make it to his home several miles up country. Friends with a snug apartment over a store on Main Street said he was welcome to stay with them, though they had a bridge game on and would be out all evening. The apartment to himself, the teacher was soon lost in the biggest chair and the goriest mystery story on the premises, while the storm raged outside. Every once in a while he'd look up to watch the snow sifting down, thank his stars he'd stayed in town, then go on with his book. It was midnight when he finished, stretched, and took a long and horrified look out the window where he made out the snow-drifted shape of a motor car—at second-story level. He was across the room in one bound but the snow was still falling so heavily it was moments before he discovered that a storm-bound automotive transport had parked outside for the night, and one of the cars on its top deck came just level with his window.

The most tolerant citizen we've encountered for months is the party who advertised in the Cornwall, Ont., Standard-Freeholder: "Will the person seen taking a bicycle from the Capitol Theatre on Thursday night please return to 216-A Belmont Street. Reward." Tolerant, but smart too, maybe.



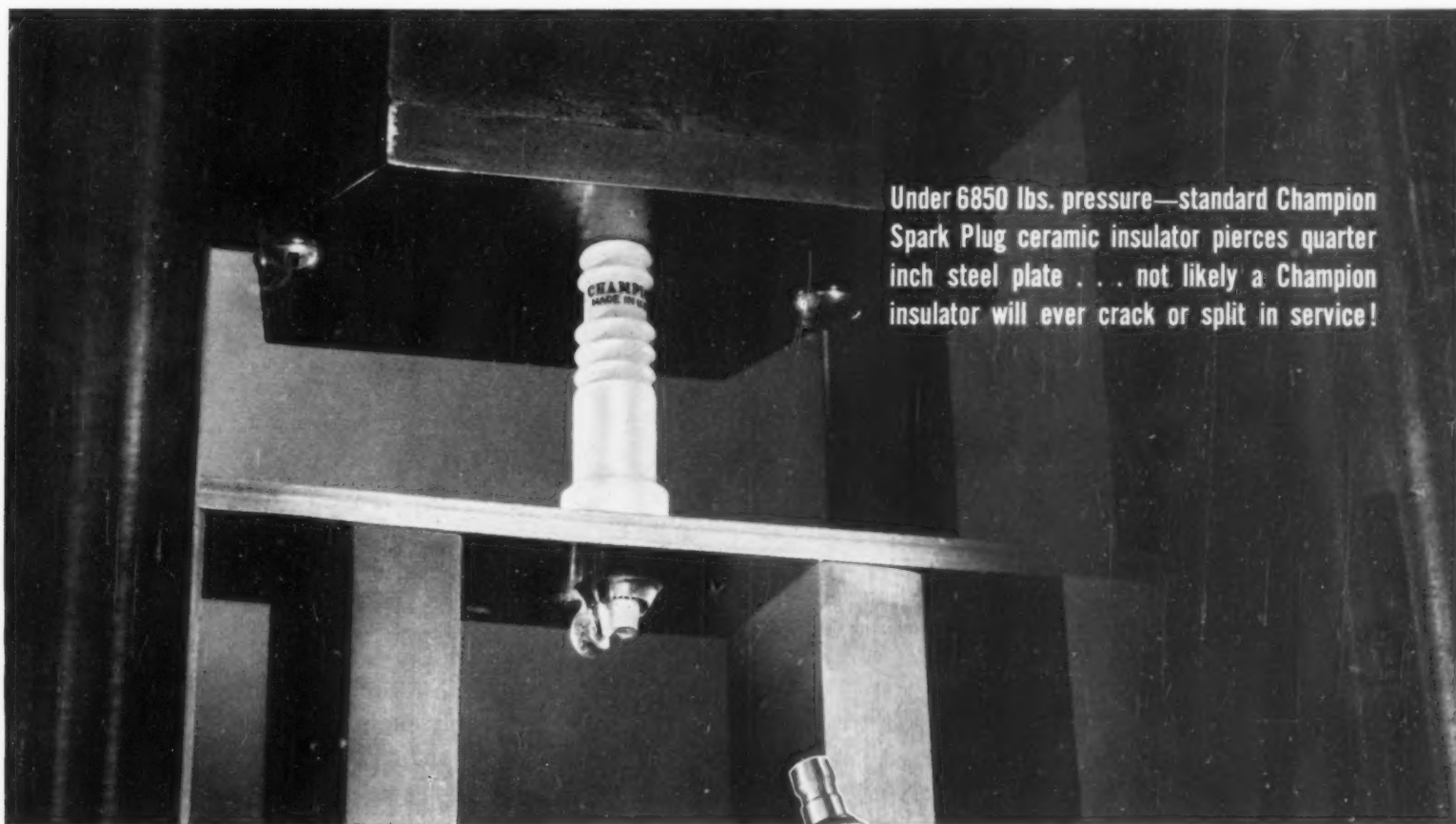
wheat in at the same time, go to town the same day and turn up in adjoining chairs at the barber shop for identical haircuts. But folks are beginning to lose faith in 'em lately. And why? Soon as Harry won a new car at a big bingo game in Kindersley, Bill went off and copped a new car in a big bingo game at Leader. What disturbs folks is one was a Pontiac and the other was a Mercury.

We've heard from a troubled New Canadian in Vancouver who is anxious to qualify for citizenship but

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